

Lee's Folder

MEMORANDUM

To - - Miss Gillespie
From - Dr. Jackman

December 28, 1945

In response to your inquiry for the Butler Church in regard to The Rev. Samuel Lee, I would make the following observation:

Our appointment of The Lee's to Barrow has come as a result of Providential Guidance. For months we have been seeking a couple whom we would feel the Lord would call to the Barrow congregation. Last April I spent five days in Barrow, and since have had two visits with The Lee's trying to interpret to them the life which they would live and the call of the people of the Church and community. There has been no high pressure methods in regard to their call and it takes a real call to go to Barrow. Before offering them the appointment, we have made a thoroughly extensive survey of the work which Mr. Lee has been doing both in his local field and among the ministers and people of Kansas who know them personally. The reports have all been good. The Lee's developed their interest in this kind of a missionary service through their work on the Kickapoo Indian Reservation in Kansas. They were drawn to the needs of this type of people and made their first inquiry to Board headquarters concerning work among Indians in the States. From that their vision has been expanded until they have felt the call to go to Barrow.

I have not heard Mr. Lee preach and I would say from my general observation that he is not a flashy preacher. He does have a real message and a true Christian sincerity behind it which makes it effective. His wife has a beautiful Christian spirit in her which does much to supplement his work in the pastorate. In choosing a missionary for Barrow, we are not concerned about a flashy preacher. We are concerned about one who can carry the message of Christ in simple form so that it will take hold upon the hearts and lives of the people there who hear it. From all of the inquiries which we have made, we feel that The Lee's will fit into this particular situation admirably.

Both of them are fine looking young people and their faces reflect the fine Christian spirit inside of them. In so far as this attractive Christian spirit is acceptable to a well educated Eastern city congregation, The Lee's can sell themselves to such a congregation. And, in so far as such a spirit is acceptable in a cultured home, The Lee's will make a good impression.

They are under appointment to Barrow for a five year period of service with the matter of a return for another period of service after their furlough to be taken up when the time comes. Mr. Lee himself is not the best correspondent but they have agreed that the wife will take the large responsibility for the correspondence with the Board's office and supporting churches. Having had two visits with them, I feel that she is capable of doing a very good job

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December 28, 1945

To - Miss Gillespie
From - Dr. Jackman

in this respect.

A part of the reason for bringing The Lee's east is to have a Commissioning Service at the Executive Committee Meeting of the Board of National Missions on January 17th. This makes it impossible to have them in Butler on the night of the 16th because of transportation. It is more fitting to have them visit the East Side Church in Paterson, New Jersey, which is also a strong supporter, on the evening of the 16th so it will be more convenient for them to be here at noon on the 17th. It would be much better to have them at the congregational dinner in the Butler Church on a Wednesday evening but on the 23rd of January they are due back in Horton, Kansas for a farewell Consecration Service with the people of their old congregations and the Synod and Synodical of Kansas. This arrangement makes the only available time Sunday the 20th of January for them to be with the Butler congregation. Since Mr. Lee has not yet been to Barrow he would have no actual experiences from the field to present to the congregation and probably could not be called upon to take the morning message to tell about Barrow. I would suggest that he be asked to speak at Sunday school, attend the morning service, have the congregation arrange an afternoon reception, ~~have him speak to the young people~~, and have him speak to the young people in the evening. This is more of a get acquainted relationship so that they will have a personal contact with them when they receive their reports from the field in later years.

Having preached in the Butler Church a few times, I know a little bit about it and its program. In my judgement the congregation will be enthusiastic about The Lee's. If, however, they do not want to take them sight unseen but would rather transfer their support to some other missionary, it will be agreeable to our office. There are dozens of other churches who will jump at the chance of having this part of the support of our missionaries at Barrow. I am sure you will have some requests for this from churches in Kansas who know The Lee's personally and their work there. We hope, however, that the First Church of Butler will continue this support of our missionaries in Barrow because it will be a good thing for the Church and The Lee's.

J. Earl Jackman, Secretary
Unit of Work in Alaska

JEJ:FK

Att: Letter to Miss Gillespie from The Rev. Mr. Bogard of 12/26/45

2/9/46 signed copy in Alaska Personnel file

*sent to Rev. Lee
c/o Mrs. Jack Stebbins
117 Regency Ave. Jackson, Miss.*

~~ALASKA~~

January 2, 1946

~~PERSONNEL FILE~~

via airmail

The Rev. Samuel Lee
1209 Central Avenue
Horton, Kansas

My dear Mr. Lee:

This is the official notification of your appointment as missionary pastor in the Presbyterian Church of Barrow, Alaska beginning January 15, 1946. Our office will cooperate with you as far as possible in seeking transportation for you and your family in the hope that you will be able to arrive on your new field at an early date.

This appointment is made in accordance with the "Conditions of Service in Alaska" passed by the Board of National Missions in its meeting in November 1944. A copy of this statement is attached for your information. Familiarize yourself with it before signing your appointment letter as your signature indicates your willingness to fulfill these conditions.

Your salary will be based upon the present minimum of \$2000. a year plus a high cost of living adjustment at the rate of \$400. a year for the budget year October 1, 1945 to September 30, 1946. This adjustment will be reviewed annually. In addition your appointment includes a house, fuel, one month's vacation each year, the employer's portion of the service pension dues, and the freight on your family food and personal supplies shipped to you each summer at Barrow.

We welcome you to the missionary service of the Presbyterian Church through the Board of National Missions. Your relationships with the Board will be through the office of the Unit of Work in Alaska. You will send your reports and communications to that office. The staff there is ready at any time to counsel with you about your work and help you in it. We want you to feel free to share with us any questions in your mind during your service.

The Board asks of you a ministry dedicated to Christ and the people of Barrow and vicinity. In return it promises to do its utmost to sustain your material and spiritual welfare. Your appointment letter is made in duplicate. Please sign both copies and return one to us. It records our mutual pledge in the Master's service.

Sincerely yours,

Signature of acceptance:

J. Earl Jackman, Secretary
Unit of Work in Alaska

Samuel Lee, Missionary to Barrow
JEJ:FK

2-8-1946 CC given Personnel Office per request from Mr. Roberts

*att. Conditions of Service in Alaska
To both copies*

Conditions of Service in Alaska
Unit of Work in Alaska

The general Personnel and Policy rules of the Board apply to service in Alaska. The following will supplement and emphasize the general rules:

Service Goal: It is the purpose of the Board of National Missions:

1. To provide an adequate support for a modest but comfortable standard of living for its missionaries.
2. To encourage local groups to assume as much of their own support as possible, applying to the Board only for a grant sufficient to supplement their own efforts to assure an aggressive program and to provide a basic salary and manse for the mission workers.

Salary: The general basic minimum salary standard of \$1500 a year and furnished manse, with provision for participation in the Service Pension Plan and one month vacation, will apply for full time service for all ordained ministers with college and seminary training. This basic standard will be supplemented by an added differential of \$300 to \$500 for the difference in the cost of living in various parts of Alaska.

Salaries of unordained and/or part time workers will be adjusted upon the basis of service and needs.

Term of Service: A five year period will be considered the term of service in Alaska for a missionary from the United States under the Unit of Work in Alaska. The Board and the missionary agree upon this term of service in the full expectation of completing it, but because of the possibility of contingencies arising which cannot be foreseen, the Board reserves the right to terminate this contract at the end of any budget year on six months notice and the individual may do the same.

Travel Expense: The Board will pay for the transportation of a minister and his family (husband, wife and dependent children) from the point of origin in the United States to the point of service in Alaska by the shortest route and lowest cost transportation (rail and boat). A stipulated allowance will be made for hotel, meals, and transportation of baggage enroute. Full freight charges will be paid on excess baggage of 200 lbs. per person. Beyond this allowance the Board will pay one-half of the freight. In case a missionary from the United States voluntarily returns to the United States before a five year term of service is completed, the Board will pay a proportionate amount of the expense of the round trip between the point of origin and the point of service in Alaska.

In case the missionary serves part of this term in a Board aided church and part in a self-supporting Church the Board will assume its proportion of the transportation cost for the period of service in the aided church.

The Board will pay the travelling expenses for transfers in the territory which it initiates.

Furlough: After a five year term of service has been completed in an aided field the missionary from the United States may have a furlough of four months from the field (which includes the regular annual vacation of one month) in the United States. The Board will assume the cost of necessary travel for the family (husband, wife, and minor children) by the shortest route and lowest cost

transportation to the home of the missionary or wife whichever is nearer, and will provide its portion of the cash salary for the furlough period. When the missionary returns to Alaska a new term of service will be started. If the missionary does not return to Alaska the furlough will be limited to the time needed for re-employment in the United States but no longer than four months.

The Presbyteries are requested to cooperate with the Board and the missionaries in electing commissioners to the General Assembly in connection with regular furloughs to the United States.

Exception: In case of those from the United States serving along the Arctic Coast and returning for further service the furlough privilege may be extended to one year providing the missionary spends one-half of this time as a resident student in a school which is acceptable to the Board and/or in promotional service under the Board's direction. In case the missionary does not return to service in Alaska the furlough allowance will be limited to the time needed for re-employment in the United States but no longer than four months.

Finances and Reports: Salaries of workers along the Arctic Coast will be adjusted in accordance with provision for station maintenance by the Board. This maintenance will include housing and fuel but not food or personal items. The order for the year's supplies should be in the Board's office by April 1st each year for purchase in Seattle, Washington and summer shipping. Food and personal supplies may be added to the order and the Board will pay the freight. The cost of these personal supplies will be prorated and withheld from the monthly salary payments during the following budget year. The Board will not be responsible for supplies purchased in any other way except by special arrangement with the office.

The salary of the missionary will be paid by the mission and/or the Board of National Missions. The local mission will be expected to pay as much as it is able and the Board will supplement this amount to bring the salary up to the established level. The monthly amount which the Board pays will be forwarded early each month so that it will arrive before the end of the month.

The missionary shall make out a monthly report on the 15th of each month covering his activities for the preceding month. The report shall include a request for the salary from the Board for the current month and a statement of receipts and expenditures for which the Board may be responsible. This report shall be supplemented with a statement concerning problems and progress during the period covered.

It is a rule of the Board that no full time employee shall engage in any other remunerative employment. Any exception to this rule must be by special arrangement and special permission of the Board.

All monies received by missionaries for services rendered while under Board employment shall be forwarded to the office of the Board as Field Receipts, except that Christmas gifts, wedding, funeral, or baptismal fees (the latter two of which should be discouraged) are considered personal gifts.

Resignations and Transfers: Whenever a missionary leaves the service of the Board in Alaska or the Board feels he ought to leave, an advance notice of six months shall be given. Whenever a missionary transfers from one station to another his contract will not be affected if the transfer is made with the mutual agreement of the minister, the Presbytery, and the Board. If the transfer is made without this mutual agreement the contract with the Board will be cancelled and a new contract made.

J. Earl Jackman, Secretary
Unit of Work in Alaska

January 24, 1946

VIA AIRMAIL & SPECIAL DELIVERY

The Rev. Samuel Lee
c/o Mr. H. M. Wilcox
672 E. 10th
York, Nebraska

My dear Mr. Lee:

Another matter has just come to our attention which necessitated us telegraphing you a few minutes ago as follows:

"If NO HEAVY UNDERWEAR SECURED YET FOR DAVID BOARD VICE PRESIDENT KNOWS OF SOME AVAILABLE WHICH COULD BE MADE TO FIT. WIRE US COLLECT WHERE IT SHOULD BE SENT IF DESIRED."

We feel you should have some further information about this so are quoting a letter which was received from our Vice President, Miss Elinor K. Purves, 30 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey:

"When I was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Lee the other day they spoke of the impossibility of finding woolen underwear for their son to take to Point Barrow. I spoke of this to my family and a nephew who has just returned to civilian life said that he would be glad to give his heavy army underwear to The Lees if it would be acceptable. Also, his wife who is small has some heavy army things which her husband bought for her for skiing and she would be glad to send these which I think would fit the boy better than my nephew's. Also, her things are almost new and for that reason better. Of course, The Lees may have gotten underwear by this time, but, if they have not, and these army woolens would be acceptable, Carol would be glad to send them. Somehow going to Barrow without woolen underwear seems almost impossible. If you think The Lees would like to have these woolens and if you will let me know where to send them, I'll ask Carol Armstrong to send them along."

If you feel that you can use these underthings, even if you have secured others and could use these as a reserve, we shall be glad to receive word from you as to where this package should be sent.

Hope you were able to secure something for David through Mr. Harry Miller of Stern Brothers, Market Street, Parkersburg, West Virginia per Dr. Jackman's telegram of January 21st.

Sincerely yours,

Frieda Koerner, Secretary to
J. Earl Jackman, Secretary

Board of National Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the
United States of America

156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

January 24, 1946

Miss Elinor K. Purves
30 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey

My dear Miss Purves:

Your letter of January 23rd addressed to Miss Scott has been referred to our office for reply.

Dr. Jackman is away on a field trip and will be gone for a month. Therefore, we are writing you in his absence. We appreciate the personal interest of you and yours in the matter of securing woolen underwear for David Lee. We, too, have been greatly concerned about this and on January 21st Dr. Jackman wired to The Rev. Mr. Lee informing him that a Mr. Harry Miller of Stern Brothers in Parkersburg, West Virginia could supply fleece lined, winter weight boy's underwear in ankle length with short sleeves. We do not know whether he ever received this message or was able to follow this up in a definite way. However, we shall send a telegram to him about this underwear which you can supply and ask him to reply by wire through our office. We shall keep you informed of developments. Everything pertaining to The Lees and their departure is so uncertain these days due to the strikes and not being able to get word through quickly about transportation dates and other important matters.

Thank you again for your great and special concern for The Lees at this particular time.

Sincerely yours,

Frieda Koerner, Secretary to
J. Earl Jackman, Secretary
Unit of Work in Alaska

FK

Fairbanks, Alaska
March 1, 1946

MAY 31 1946

OCT 30 1945

Dear Friends:

'Tempus Fugit', so I heard. Perhaps "time flies", but to date we haven't. We arrived in Fairbanks late Febr. 15th, but are still waiting for the plane to fly to Barrow. Last week two Navy planes took off for Barrow, but when they got there they could not land because there was a 70 mile an hour wind and the ceiling was zero. Consequently they had to fly back to Fairbanks without landing. The plane we are to fly in has been in Seattle since before we arrived in Fairbanks. Each day, or every few days, they tell us at the Air Lines Office that there will be a plane in two or three more days, but we are still waiting. (This letter is one of those continued affairs. As it is finally brought to an end, it is May 9, 1946, and "a great deal of water has passed under the bridge since the letter was started." I suppose it would be more accurate to say that in Barrow, a 'great deal of ice has piled on the beach since the letter was begun.' At any rate, here is the letter.)

Upon our arrival in Fairbanks we descended bag and baggage on the Presbyterian Minister here, Rev. Harry Champlin. He had asked that we come, poor fellow. But lest I get ahead of my story, let me go back a month or so and bring you up to date on our activities. After we got back to Horton from our brief trip to New York, one thing after another kept us from having time on our hands. On the night of Jan. 23, the Horton Church had a farewell supper for us in connection with our commissioning service there. Dr. Roth, our Synod Executive, had had programs printed for the occasion, and everything was carefully planned to make us feel the greatness of our task. The Service was climaxed by the message of Dr. J. Earl Jackman to us and to the churches which we were leaving. Following the Service, "goodbyes" were said, and we and our relatives present adjourned to Harps (our next door neighbors) for a cup of coffee and the final "goodbyes" to Horton. We left Horton late that night and drove to my parents near Dawson, Nebr. and spent the remainder of the night there. Meanwhile a telegram had reached us saying that our ship would sail on Febr. 2, and that we must be in Seattle by noon Febr. 1. On the following day, we drove to Mrs. Lee's parents at York, Nebr., arriving there in the evening.

Awaiting us in York was another telegram which stated that we should be in Seattle by noon on January 28th instead of Febr. 1. It was then the night of the 24th, and we had no train reservations, but there were none to be had. On the morning of the 25th I tried again for reservations, but still with the same failure. We began our laundry on a limited basis hoping that somehow we could get last minute reservations. In the evening we drove to Grand Island, Nebr. to try there for train reservations. We were told that there might be cancellations for the train that left the next day at 11:30. At least there was a ray of hope, but the laundry was still not finished, and there was still that half filled trunk. We drove back to York and packed, and ironed, and tried to get the last minute preparations made. I woke my brother Lynn, who is attending College at York, and arranged with him to find a trailer and haul our trunks and baggage to Grand Island. We worked the remainder of the night, but at five o'clock in the morning, the task still looked hopeless. So I telephoned the depot long distance almost hoping that there would be no space for us. But there was--Sleep had to be pushed back and frantic efforts at packing had to become more frantic.

It never fails to happen! We got to the depot in ample time, having allowed time to cover any unexpected delay, but the train was late. A few minutes ticked into hours, yet no one seemed to know when the train would arrive, and with the passing of each minute, we drooped a little more for the lack of sleep. At last, more than four hours late, we were on the train and bound for Seattle. For the most part, the trip was a pleasant one with ever changing scenery and reasonably comfortable cars. One of the most pleasant experiences was our first excursion to the diner. Being extremely adept in the art of eating, we had tried to forget our experiences on the train diners on our New York trip, but here was food! Yes, twice as much food, twice as appetizing, for half the amount of money. Speaking of eating, when you come west to Portland, don't miss the restaurant at the Union Depot. I have never eaten a more attractive or tasty meal in a restaurant at any price, yet the meal was only 75c

Like time, the scenery flew. We saw the sands of Western Nebraska, the snows and the mountains of the Western States, with timber, rivers and waterfalls thrown in for good measure. But time flew even more swiftly than the train, and Saturday, Sunday, and Monday passed by our window, and again the train hung its head in shame for being so late,--this time about six hours--. I had wired Rev. Howell of Seattle that we would arrive on Monday, but the time had been several days too short to get Hotel reservations for us. (Rev. Howell is Pastor of our Church at Renton and is also the buyer for supplies for the Alaska Mission Stations, and in general he watches over people such as us until we safely board the ship for Alaska.) When we arrived in Seattle, I called Rev. Howell only to learn the sad news that he had been unable to secure a room for us. However, he told me which hotels we might try, and the hunt was on. At first there were no rooms available, but as I pled with the room clerk there began to be a vacant room at the New Washington Hotel, for one night only. Finally the room materialized and we had a bed AND a room. At once we began to look for some place to stay the next night (all of which goes to prove that the more one has, the more he wants.) All attempts were futile, so we decided to let the morrow take care of the things of itself. The next day proved kind, and were allowed to stay in our room at the New Washington. Rev. Howell came into the city in the morning and took us to the Steamship Company for our tickets, then took us to various places of business and introduced us to some of the people who will be handling our orders for supplies.

Conversation should never lag in Seattle, for there is always the weather--at least that was true during our sojourn. If I should attempt to describe Seattle weather, the Chamber of Commerce might never allow me in the city again. During the five days we were there, there was sunshine for about ten minutes. Perhaps it wasn't quite that long, but it seemed that long to me. The temperature was well above the freezing point, but we were well below. What time it wasn't raining, we were blest with a constant fog and drizzle, which, except for color and moisture content, closely resembled the shower of soot in Pittsburgh. In spite of the lack of sunshine, we had a very pleasant stay in Seattle, and for the first time in several weeks we had an opportunity to take a deep breath and rest a little. We tramped up and down the streets still searching for necessary supplies and clothing we had been unable to get elsewhere. We still were unable to find suitable underwear for David, but Miss Purvis, Vice President of the Board of National Missions, had told us of some of her relatives who had some underwear we could get if we couldn't find any in the stores. We had wired her from Nebraska, and the underwear reached us while we were in Seattle. This little incident is only a sample of the many acts of helpfulness shown us by the members of the staff in New York. We have felt deeply grateful for the opportunity to visit the New York office and meet the Staff members before leaving for the Mission Field.

We were able to secure a new electric iron through a contact made by Rev. Howell, and were able, too, to get a used radio. The radio is not the kind we wanted, but we felt we should give it a trial at least. After trying it in Anchorage and Fairbanks, it seemed doubtful that it would give good service at all, and that has proved to be the case. We have not been able to hear anything on it at Barrow, but perhaps in a few months we will be able to get a more powerful machine with short wave.

On the last day in Seattle we went to the Bank of California and opened an account so that our financial matters can be handled through the Bank there. Also on that day Miss Elenor Altman from Pittsburgh arrived in Seattle on her way to Anchorage. She is the new director of Religious Education at the Anchorage Church. We traveled together the remainder of the trip to Anchorage, and she was a big help in keeping David entertained.

Fortified with seasick pills and many misgivings, we boarded the S.S. Denali about 9:00 A.M. February 2. I had never so much as sat in a row boat, so this was some experience. I have made some notations about the boat trip and some day may take time to write of our experiences. We weighed anchor about 10:00 A.M., and slipped quietly away from the dock. A fog shrouded many of the beauties of the sound as we moved out, but nevertheless we saw many things of interest. Navy ships, large and small, commercial ships of all sizes and descriptions, ferries, cutters, barges and fishing boats all made their contribution to the awesome sight of a busy seaport. We seemed to lie motionless in the water as the city turned on a pivot and laid before our eyes a view of its beauties a section at

a time. Pier upon pier came the scenes until at last we could no longer see the city. Lumber mills, dairy farms, and fishing villages, punctuated by trees, hills, mountains and streams, floated by. An air armada of sea gulls glided continuously above us, flying first in formation, then breaking formation to dive for some tasty morsel left in the wake of the ship. I hardly knew whether the "things" liked our company, or whether they were waiting to feed on our well rounded skeletons when we were finally dashed upon the rocks. I was continually reminded of the albatross in the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner". Irregardless of my feelings, they did not desert us at any time on the entire voyage by ship.

As we climbed the ladder of longitude, each rung offered water of a deeper blue, and mountains towering a little higher in the heavens, and more completely blanketed with snow. The beauty of the inside passage is indescribable, and each new mountain peak has a new fascination. Distance is a very immeasurable thing as you look at the mountains to the port or starboard side. I had heard how difficult it is to judge the distances, but I had no conception of how completely a person is fooled. I recall standing one day on the deck. On the port side I saw the familiar line of timber as it met the clear blue water. Then I noticed a small wooden box lying on the shore. It was a crate about the size and shape of an orange crate. I supposed that it had been left there by a fishing crew or that it had been cast upon the shore by the waves. But as minutes passed and we watched the crate there on the shore, there began to be windows and a door. Imagine an orange crate with windows and a door! I'm certain the trouble wasn't with my glasses because I had new ones fitted before leaving Horton, but there, "believe it or not", was a sizeable cabin. As we moved on we could see a whole logging camp nestled there at the foot of the mountain. After that experience, the small trees I saw on the mountains looked a little bigger, and the short span of water between us and the shore demanded a little more respect.

Monday, February 4, we docked at Ketchikan, Alaska, and for the first time set foot on Alaskan soil--Alaskan snow, if you want to be technical. I telephoned our Missionary, Rev. Ed Freeman, and he came to the dock to meet us. Ed and I were in Seminary together during my last year there, so of course we were glad to have a chance to talk about "old times" and get an introduction to life in Alaska. We took a few pictures and walked over as much of the town as we could in our limited time. We saw a beautiful little salmon stream which runs through the town, and Ed showed us a place where you "can walk across the salmon when they are 'running' upstream." We boarded the ship again in time for dinner at 6:15 and we had seen a real fishing village!

More than that! While at the Freeman's in Ketchikan, we had heard the radio broadcast about the S.S. Yukon going on the rocks just out of Seward. Shortly before leaving Seattle we had read of a ship going on the rocks in Alaskan waters, and now our sister ship was on the rocks. There was a great deal of anxiety on board because at the last report no rescue ship had reached the scene of the disaster. The following night we docked at Juneau and because of poor visibility we did not leave until about 7:30 Wednesday morning. Leaving Juneau, we got a taste of rough weather. We had had some rough sailing on Sunday, but this was more like trying to break a bucking broncho than sailing. The roll and the pitch never came in the same pattern, and the direction we would dive next was entirely unpredictable. A Navy Nurse who ate at our table said she had never experienced anything like it in all her ocean travel.

Our next stop was Cordova. Again we docked late at night and we didn't get off the ship. It was a comfortable feeling though to have the stateroom hold still a while. On Friday afternoon we docked at Valdez in a wonderful snowstorm. We walked about a half mile to the village and shopped on a very limited scale and mailed two or three cards airmail. The village was literally buried in snow, but for all its snow, it was still beautiful. After being crossed about for days, it was quite a pleasant sensation to set foot on something solid. The negro really had something when he said "good old terra firma; the more firma, the less terra". We left Valdez in a blinding snowstorm about an hour after we docked there. We traveled so slowly that sometimes we seemed hardly to move, and of course knowing that the S.S. Yukon had come to disaster in these waters added its bit of excitement to pushing back the blind of snow and didging rocks and mountains. During the night the snow stopped and we made port at Seward Saturday morning. We had

our last breakfast on board, and for a change the table stood still.

On the dock we stood and waited in the cold for a baggage clerk who was not disposed to get up early that morning. When he finally arrived, we had claimed our bags and were anxiously waiting to get to the train which was to meet the boat. We called for a taxi, and were off for another bit of higher education. We traveled two blocks, and the fare was \$2.50. That's what I call higher education.

Being warned that we would be unable to buy any food on the train, I decided that I would shop for groceries in Seward. I braved the North wind and was on my way. The mercury was well below zero, but the prices were well above. I hadn't know that bananas grew in Alaska, but when I walked into the first grocery store I saw more bananas than I have seen for several years (notwithstanding the fact that we have been able to have bananas several times during the war, thanks to our grocer.) Who would believe that you have to come clear to Alaska to buy bananas? I bought some, though they were too green to be good, and added cookies, apples, crackers, and cheese to the list. Knowing that we would probably get thirsty, I asked the price of Coca-Cola. I decided that for 20¢ a bottle we would just have to be thirsty.

On board the train with suitcase, groceries, and what not, we began the colorful trip to Anchorage. The newly fallen snow made the trees and mountains breath-takingly beautiful. Slowly and laboriously we wound our way in and out among the mountains, through tunnels, over trestles high above the valley, and through huge piles of snow until the city of Anchorage pulled up beside us. Many of the people on the train had been aboard the Yukon and now and then we could hear snatches of conversation relating the harrowing experiences of those terrible hours of uncertainty and peril. By that time the rescue of 485 had been completed and eleven listed as lost. The couple who sat in the seats ahead of us on the train had escaped with their lives, but the clothes they wore had been given them in Seward. We could not but be impressed with the tragedy of the whole thing, nor have we ceased to give thanks that we were not on that ship. Since the loss of the Yukon, the Russian tanker has broken up off the Aleutians with the loss of 15 on board. All of which impresses us with the greatness of the whole country and the treachery of the surrounding waters.

Rev. Armstrong, Pastor of our Church in Anchorage, met us at the depot and skillfully loaded us and our baggage into his car, and we were off for the Presbyterian Manse. Awaiting us there were Mrs. Armstrong, and their two girls, Allison, age 4, and Charlene, age 2. Not to mention a pot of hot tea. Saturday evening is not the ideal time to descend upon the Manse, but the Armstrongs made us feel as welcome as the flowers in May. The following day we enjoyed our first Church Service in Alaska, and in the evening I made my first attempt at preaching in Alaska. Except for a little extra snow on the ground, it seemed little different from Kansas.

As we look back upon the five days spent in the Armstrong home, they seem very brief, but there was time enough to see the city and enjoy several experiences that we shall remember for some time. There was the day we went out to see the Armstrong's cabin and got into snow up to our necks, or was it to our waists? Anyway, it was real snow, and it was deep. Then there were Church activities, the fellowship hour on Sunday night, and the Mariners' Club reception for Elenor Altman, Chamber of Commerce Luncheon, Rotary Luncheon, and a trip to the radio station for the morning devotional period. But most outstanding in my memory is the experience of shopping in the local stores. After using all the eloquence at my command, I persuaded Mrs. Armstrong to let me go shopping for the groceries for dinner and then prepare the dinner. Being merciful, she could hardly conceive of allowing her family to endure such punishment, but being charitable, she felt compelled to grant me my wish. Soon I was tripping off to town--what time I wasn't tripping, I was slipping or sliding. After I had visited the first grocery I concluded that I should ask for an extra paper bag to use the next time I came to the store. What with silver dollars and the price of groceries, I decided it would be better to bring a paper bag full of money.

and carry the groceries home in my purse. On the way back from the store I calnced to pass another grocery; and there in the window were golden ripe bananas almost like you'd expect to pick from the tree. I had already purchased a few bananas, but I could not pass that window without taking some of those with me. Licking my chops and using all my energy to restrain myself, I chose four beautiful specimens of "bananahood" and took them to the counter to pay for them. Knowing that the price would be terrific, I leaned heavily against the counter and carefully braced myself before I asked the price. "Ninety-five cents", the man said--I handed the money to him, but I must have gulped a time or two and looked dazed, for he hastened to explain that they were "airplane" bananas. No, you didn't get an airplane free with each purchase, the bananas were only shipped in by air freight. Twenty-five cents each for bananas is a handsome price, but I'm going to be the first customer of any street vender who comes to Barrow with fruit like that for sale.

The train for Fairbanks was due to leave Anchorage on Tuesday at 2:00 P.M. Again that day we advanced one grade in our education. We made the train on time, and arrived at the station puffing like the steam engine that wasn't there. "The train", they said, "would not go today because of a snow slide between Seward and Anchorage." "Baggage drill" is the name applied to our experience of that day. Wednesday, and still no train--Thursday, and the train due to leave at 2:00 o'clock--Still Thursday--the train left at 9:05 P.M. About 3:00 A.M. we arrived at a village called Curry, and the whole train unloaded for the night. Traveling at night through the mountains is too dangerous so the Railroad company owns the Hotel at Curry and the train stops there for the night. The hotel was pleasanter than our rooms had been in the States, and the meal prices might have been higher.

We left Curry a little before noon and made progress very slowly. We learned on the train that we were to make a stop at Healy for lunch and those who had made the trip before said that we could only get sandwiches. By the time we reached the place we were glad to have a chance to get even a sandwich. We were told by the porter that we would have 20 minutes to stop. However, we had a very pleasant surprise when we found we could get a hot meal (limited, but plenty for the time we had.) Everything was dished up and placed on a serving table and we marched by and picked up our plates and then paid the cashier. No time was wasted, yet the meal was quite edible and much better than anything we had hoped for. While we were eating someone came up behind me and asked if my name was Lee. It is, so I told him, and he introduced himself as Bert Bingle, our industrial Missionary. We had very little time to talk, but he told us that the Champlains were expecting us at Fairbanks.

On to Fairbanks--Before our twenty minutes had passed we had found our seats on the train and were settled before the train "pulled out". Near exhaustion and hours late, we arrived in Fairbanks about midnight, and fortunately for us Rev. Champlin was there to take us in tow. He introduced us to Arnold Brower, a son of the late Charles Brower who spent more than fifty years of his life in the Arctic as a trader. He also introduced us to Lt. David Thorndike who was enroute to the Navy post at Barrow. (We have since come to know Thorndike better and he has been to the Manse on several occasions, but Arnold Brower has spent most of his time at the reindeer camp.) He then took us to the Manse where we were greeted by Mrs. Champlin and a pot of hot tea. Wonderful institution tea--and that was only the beginning of a series of cups of tea with the Champlins. All the things we had heard about transportation in Alaska came true there. The Air Line which was to bring us the last part of our journey promised us that the plane would fly to Barrow in about a week, but the week grew into two weeks, then three and finally a month. What transpired during that month can hardly be written in this letter. It probably could be well summarized by saying that we grew more lazy and more anxious to get to our new home and field of work. But with all the trips to the Air Line Office, and the telephone calls to "encourage" the people at the Wein office, we spent many enjoyable hours there. Chip, Kenny, Jacky, and David seemed to have no trouble finding things to keep them busy, and after a few days there, we decided that David should be in school so he went to school

with Chip and Kenny. Among other things, Rev. Champlin and I found time to go "big Game" hunting, and we have a picture to prove that we were successful. (He WAS a big rabbit too). Several hours were ticked off in a hurry when Harry introduced me to the art of developing pictures, and I became so proficient that you can tell what some of the pictures were supposed to be. Then there was the day we got a bright and early start to hunt rabbits (it proved to be more early than bright). I had seen snow shoes before, but had never walked with them. I can still say that I have seen them, and I believe that it would not be an untruth if I were to say that I haven't walked with them. The snow was about three feet deep on the level, and so light and soft that it came right on through the snow shoes. We not only had to pull ourselves out of the snow, but had to lift a pile of snow to extract our snow shoes. A few minutes of maneuvering brought us to the decision that skis could be no worse, and they might be better. Forthwith, we waved our wand and there were the skis. Did I neglect to say that we had put them in the car for just such an emergency? As long as we stayed in the trail where we didn't need the skis, they worked very well, but as soon as we ventured off the path into the woods we very much resembled "my son John" in the nursery rhyme--the one that goes "deedle deedle dumpling, my son, John, one ski off and one ski on." The rabbits must have been visiting their city cousins that day, so what could we do? Two such kings of the hickory could hardly resist that good ski hill out by the College.

The skiing episode is surely deserving of a new paragraph, and had you been a witness you without doubt could not justly describe it in less than a half dozen. If the men of the Butler, Pa. Church could have seen me, they would have been amply repaid for any sacrifice they may have made to present me with that new pair of skis. My only experience with the hickory was with the kind which when properly applied is supposed to make boys grow straight. That must have been the difficulty. Harry (Rev. Champlin) could come down the hill and make the turn very gracefully, but it seems that my early association with the hickory still stick. I imagine the ski jumpers at Fairbanks are still wondering what made all those excavations at the foot of the hill.

Many of the experiences we had while in Fairbanks were not so painful as was the task of becoming a ski artist. We had the privilege of attending the Eskimo Services at the Church and became acquainted with many who had come to Fairbanks from Wainwright and Barrow. I preached for Harry two or three times, and we attended the meetings of the various Church groups until we began to feel like we were long time residents. We met many of the soldiers from Ladd field and came to know them from our contacts in the Champlin home and the Young People's meetings, and not least, we got to fry hamburgers for the Young People's Fellowship hour.

With a suitcase full of memories we were scheduled for another baggage drill on March 15. Perhaps the less said about, the better. Next day we flew. When we arrived at the hangar, they informed us that they could not take our trunks on this trip, but would send them the next Tuesday on the plane. We didn't see how we could get along without some of the things we had packed in the trunks, but decided we should come on and leave them behind. I do not know about the lack of Tuesdays in the States, but we didn't have any Tuesdays here for a couple of weeks.

The plane trip from Fairbanks was very cold and rather uneventful, considering all the things that might have happened. It was the first plane ride for us. We had prepared somewhat by taking air sick capsules. The ride was a little rough just after we left Fairbanks, but after a while we came in the sky to where someone had dragged the clouds so that most of the bumps were gone. Again it was difficult to realize the distance, and large objects became very minute as we rose higher and higher above them. The day was beautifully clear, but the windows of the plane were so frosted over that it was only with a great deal of difficulty that we were able to see many of the sights. However, we were able to get glimpses of Endicott mountains and you can be certain we were very happy to get safely over the tops. While we were over the mountains, we flew at 11,000 feet, but as soon as we had cleared

them we came down to about a thousand feet and sometimes as low as 600 feet. We had our first sight of Caribou as we flew over the plains, but in spite of their size, they looked very small as we viewed them from the air. After slightly more than three hours flying time, someone sighted Barrow. We could see little except glimpses of the Navy Base where we landed.

The coldest temperature we experienced on the trip was about 45 below zero. I do not believe it was that cold here at Barrow when we arrived, but it surely seemed that cold to us. Roy Ahmaogak met us at the plane and we were brought into the village in a Weasel. To say that we were cold when we arrived at the Manse would be a gross understatement, but Roy's family had the teakettle filled with boiling water and it was only a matter of minutes until we had hot tea. All in all the trip was a pleasant one and the welcome was encouraging. We arrived on Saturday afternoon so we didn't have long to wait to receive our official welcome.

Sunday morning was quite an experience. There were 414 present besides the babies who were in their mothers' parkas, and 32 members in the choir. It was an inspiring sight to see the choir march in, wending their way in and out among the people who were seated on the floor in the aisles, and it was soul stirring to hear them sing the processional. Although we had arrived late on Saturday, Roy felt that the people would want me to preach on Sunday, so I did. The day's services totaled 8½ hours with an aggregate attendance of 1347. It was a busy day, to say the least. Tuesday night the session met at the Manse and every member who was in the village was present. They expressed their joy at our coming and their anxiety to follow any helpful suggestions I might have in regard to the discharge of their duty here. Since being here, the Session, has met on Tuesday night each week except one when I had planned to be gone. We meet from 7:30 to 12:00 most nights, and though the hours are long, it has been gratifying to have each of the Elders answer roll call with a verse of Scripture and lead in prayer whenever called upon. They usually give the Scripture verse in both English and Eskimo, but the part that impresses me is that since I have been here, I have not heard them repeat a verse that has been used before in the Session meeting, and each time a verse is given, you can tell that the man has really lived with that verse and has made it a part of his life. Some of you may be interested to know what the Eskimo language sounds like, so I will write here the Golden Text from last Sunday's lesson, Joshua 1:9. "Soangain suli kapingairotikakloatagin eksinak nagaoni kapingasinnuk kanck attangom Godivich itkatigigatin sumupayagovich." I was able to get most of the words so that I could say them acceptably, but the hard part is to get the guttural sounds which they use.

The attendance at Prayer meeting that first week was 307. I believe it has not been below 300 since we have been here. This is one place where you have to come early to get a seat. The first Sunday evening Byrdine and David sat on the floor because we did not get there until ten minutes before the Service started. I have had to sit on the floor, too, on Prayer meeting night. (You understand the Eskimos would gladly have given us their places to sit, but we feel that is hardly fair to them. Most of the time now we go early.) Our highest attendance since we have been here was 483 on Easter Sunday evening, but our attendance will probably be under 400 for several weeks because so many of the men will be in the whaling camps outside the village. Most of the adults bring their Bibles and Hymn books and the way they can find the Bible references nearly makes your head swim. It is not always quiet in the church as you may well imagine. There are about thirty babies born in Barrow each year, and I believe it would be conservative to estimate that there are between forty and fifty babies under two years of age in Church nearly every Sunday. What with their older brothers and sisters to add to the entertainment we very often have a three ring circus in full progress--and of course there is always the sermon to listen to. To anyone who has had a classroom for a Sunday School Class, the Sunday School is a bedlam, but the people do remarkably well in hearing their own teacher and most of them are able to learn the Golden Text. It is not unusual to have 20 or 25 children about five or six years of age in one class, and that without a classroom. Usually there are nine classes meeting in the one room

The servers, grouped two by two, a man and a woman, began to distribute frozen meat to the heads of families. The meat was served in large chunks and put on the father's or mother's plate, then the father or mother cut off pieces and gave them to the other members of the family. Byrdine, David, and I didn't feel very hungry just then so we "passed" the first course. George Leavitt, the elder in charge of the feast, must have noticed how little we had been tempted by the first course, for very soon he came back to where we were seated and to whet our appetites served us the second course. Since beginning the trip to Alaska I have had a lot of "firsts", but this "first" will probably stand out in my memory as long as any other, if not longer. If you think that varicolored caramel candy looks delicious, you should try a piece of raw muktuk. It has a strip of white meat, then a strip of black, and another strip of white. Our elder had brought us the choicest piece and had cut it in small strips just for us. David and I put on our best front at graciousness and each took a piece. (Byrdine usually is gracious, too). I tried to take a bite of mine, but my teeth seemed suddenly too dull. The elder explained then that you have to hold the muktuk between your teeth and then with a sharp knife cut off the size bite you want. I had not taken time to sharpen my hunting knife since our arrival, and anyway I hadn't worn it that evening, so there I sat--A cup and plate in one hand, a piece of muktuk in the other, and in my shirt pocket looking horribly out of place, a silver knife and fork.) Seeing my lack of an adequate knife, several of the men and boys seated next to us came to our rescue and offered the loan of their knives. Glimpsing some of the knives proffered me, I suddenly recalled that I had a good penknife in my pocket. So, penknife to the rescue--(I doubt that when Lewis and Wanda Conrad, and Jean and Joe Allen gave me the knife and chain two years ago they expected me to begin cutting up a whale with it; but then they've known me long enough that they would hardly be surprised at anything I do.)--Holding one end of the muktuk between my teeth and grasping the other end in my hand, I set my eyes to guard my nose, and began flourishing my lethal weapon. The first week or two we were here some of the Eskimo children were laughing at our long noses. Well, if I eat much muktuk, I'm afraid that some day I may come to the painful discovery that now my nose is no longer than that of the average Eskimo. With a sawing motion and considerable pressure, my penknife finally emerged victorious and I began to chew the tasty morsel. Afterwards I was glad that I had used my own knife instead of borrowing one. The saving in vitamin capsules meant a considerable saving in our budget, for during the week which followed I could get my daily requirement of vitamin D by just opening my knife blade and taking a whiff. Lest someone should accuse me of exaggeration, I should hasten to add that toward the end of the week, I did have to whiff twice to get the total minimum daily requirement of vitamin D.

I try at all times to maintain an attitude of unselfishness, but sometimes I find that is exceedingly difficult to do. The muktuk experience proved to be one of those times. Boys and girls on all sides were watching us with these choice bits of muktuk, and their mouths were fairly watering to have a taste. You see the elder had served us first and these children hadn't had any muktuk yet. The more I chewed the delicious stuff, the more selfish I felt. I endured it (of course I mean their longing glances at the muktuk, what else could I mean?) as long as I could, then I decided that I couldn't hold my self respect if I did not share the delicacy with them. Being a generous soul, David quickly followed my example; and though we enjoyed the treat ever so much, I am sure that the Eskimo children enjoyed it even more.

That experience ended, we tried to settle down to eating such simple food as navy beans, chopped ham, and bread, and to drinking milk and tea. Byrdine supplemented her meal with a cup of soup. Nevertheless the feast was an interesting experience. The servers continued to serve the food by passing through the crowd and concluded by serving milk and tea. When they had finished this they again gathered in the center of the room around the pots and pans and when everything was in readiness they all sat down forming a circle around what food was left. While the servers ate, the rest of the people talked, and some of them continued to mince on their frozen meat. There is no sugar in the stores here now, so everyone made the most of the 10# of sugar we took to

during the past year. The Session met that night from 8:30 to 12:00, then on Sunday from 10:00 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., then from 3:00 until 7:30; from 8:30 P.M. until 1:00 A.M., then from 10:00 A.M. until noon on Monday. At noon we adjourned hoping to be able to meet in the afternoon with one of the men who was out of the village in the morning. Roy and I took that opportunity to shovel into the manse and we were just in the process of cleaning the snow out of the back porch when the plane arrived to take us back to Barrow. In about thirty minutes we were in the plane and circling the village, and in another 55 minutes we landed in front of the Manse in Barrow. By dog team the trip would have taken us two very long days each way, but traveling by plane we traveled in an hour the distance we could cover in two long days by dog team.

I am planning to return to Wainwright as soon as I have definite word from our Secretary, Dr. Jackman, about the man who is to have charge of the work at Wainwright during the next year. This brings me to the place where I should explain to you that Roy Ahmaogak, the native worker who has been in charge of the work here for the last year and previously in charge of the work at Wainwright, has been elected as the elder Commissioner to General Assembly from the Yukon Presbytery. At this writing he is on his way to General Assembly, and is no doubt already in the States. We have had two letters from him since he left Barrow April 22, and he says that he is having quite a time with streets, automobiles, hats, etc. He has never been south of the Arctic before and already is finding the weather uncomfortably warm. He is to be in the States for a year, attending a Linguistics Institute this Summer at Norman, Oklahoma, and taking work at the Bloomfield Seminary in the Fall. During this time he will also be working with Dr. Eugene Nida, of the American Bible Society, on a translation of one of the Gospels into the Eskimo dialect used in the area surrounding Barrow. When Roy returns to the Arctic he will be ordained into the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church. I might add that we believe he will be a credit to the ministry of our Church.

To celebrate the unique occasion of his going, the members of the Barrow Church surprised him with a party in his honor. Roy and I had been out to the Navy Base that afternoon to see the Wein Airline about transportation to Wainwright and to Fairbanks. When we stopped the dog team at the Manse on our return, Roy noticed that there was a fire in the Church and asked me if we had announced any meeting for that night. I replied that I didn't remember that he had made such an announcement. (He had been acting as my interpreter, and of course made the announcements in Eskimo. The previous night we had held our Annual Congregational Meeting and I had sent Roy over to the Manse to get some pencils and sharpen them for use in the voting. As soon as Roy had gone out, I told the people I had intentionally left the pencils so that we could get Roy out while we made the announcement. They surely thought we had a big joke on Roy.) Roy was still wondering about the fire at the Church, but after he had put the dogs away he came over to the Manse and I suggested that he could make some prints of some pictures that we had taken of his family. He "fell" for the idea, and so he was in the darkroom printing pictures while the crowd gathered. The people crowded the church, and Roy was really surprised when we went over to see why the Church had been heated.

All available benches had been arranged around the ends and sides of the building, and people were seated by families all over the church. The balcony was filled, as were all the benches, and in front of the benches were people seated on the floor leaving only a circular space in the center of the floor. In this space, all the food had been placed when the people arrived. It was a colorful display --sacks of frozen meat, sacks of muktuk (whale meat), sacks of bread and rolls, tea kettles, pots and pans, a wash boiler, and a five gallon can. After we had sung the Doxology and returned thanks, the elder in charge called several members of the congregation to help distribute the food. (It seems to be quite an honor to be chosen to serve in this capacity). Those who were to serve then made a circle around the food and stood there until the elder asked them to begin preparations. The women then gave attention to opening all the sacks and cutting the bread and putting into large sacks to serve from. Then came the first course.--

#7

yelled "fire", and the choir disappeared into the cold air. I told Roy to come to the Mess and help get fire extinguishers, and we dashed all over the house gathering up four or five extinguishers and we were just ready to dash off to the scene of the fire in a Navy Weasel when someone yelled that the fire was out. Some of the fellows from the camp were at the house and they had put their coats on and were ready to go help too, but instead we replaced the extinguishers, and within about five minutes of the time the alarm was sounded, the choir members were back in their places and ready to continue the practice. That was the first time I have had a choir "run out" on a practice, and the first time I have had one come back so quickly. Usually when a fire starts here there is no stopping it because of the lack of water, so you may be sure we were all relieved to have the fire out so soon.

Last week on May 2, we looked out the window in the morning and the snow was very black and dirty. It had been unusually white before and I could not understand what made it so black unless it was thawing, but that hardly seemed possible because the warmest it had been since we came was 10 above zero and that was very seldom. I went out to investigate and the air felt almost balmy-- I thought maybe I was--I then looked at the thermometer and found it was 40 above zero. It had turned warm in the night and Spring had come to Barrow. The next day we heard what sounded like birds singing, but we couldn't believe our ears. The following day we had to believe, because we saw snowbirds that day, May 4. Spring has come and gone and is back again and in the meantime it has snowed four or five times. However, today, May 9 is a bright warm day, warm enough at least to melt some of the snow and ice. It seems almost unbelievable to us that most of you in the States have made your gardens and probably have already had things to eat from them and have had all kinds of flowers in bloom.

Byrdine's mother has sent us several plants and flower blossoms in a letter, but we have grown so used to the snow that such things as flowers this early are hard for us to realize.

May 2, was an exciting day in Barrow for another reason too. One of the whaling crews got the first whale of the season. There was great excitement and many of the people from the village went out on the ice to see the whale, and some of the women went out to haul in their family's share of the meat. But before they could get the whale cut up, the south wind made the ice start crushing and piling and all attention had to be given to saving themselves. None of the people were hurt, but several dogs were crushed in the ice and some of the sleds were lost as well as all the whale except a very small portion. So the day which began with great cause for celebration ended in tragedy, and food was literally taken from the mouths of the people.

Many of our friends are still wondering about the darkness and lack of sunshine here. We were so late reaching Barrow that we missed out on the long nights. Now however we are having long days. The days here grow shorter and longer much like they do in the States but with greater extremes in each direction. They tell us that the shortest day in winter is from about 11:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. The "daylight" then is about like dawn or dusk in the States, but the sun is not visible. From that shortest day, the days grow longer and the sun becomes visible for a short time each day, then for a longer and longer time. I saw the sun set here on April 29 at 10:05 P.M. and then watched it rise the next morning at 2:40. It has been cloudy for several days so we haven't seen the sunset, but I doubt that there would be more than two and a half hours between the time the sun goes down at night and the time it rises in the morning if it were clear. The red in the north does not fade out between the sunset and sunrise but is continuous at this season of the year. Before this month is out we will have sunshine clear around the clock and will be able to see it as the earth makes a complete circle of the sun.

Thus endeth the first epistle of Samuel. I hope that you find something of interest in it as well as something of a challenge as you see anew the greatness of the tasks and opportunities of laboring in His vineyard. We covet your prayers for these people, for the work here, and for us that we may be able to acceptably discharge our duties in this portion of His Kingdom.

sweeten the wash boiler of tea. We had taken the tea and sugar, 10 quarts, of navy beans, and five gallons of klim, and needless to say, we didn't have any left-overs to worry about.

Following the feast we held a special service of worship and I gave a message of Commissioning to Roy. So far as I am able to find out, this is the first time that an Eskimo elder has been elected as Commissioner to General Assembly. We tried to make it a memorable experience for Roy as well as the Church here. After the message and prayers, the Congregation presented Roy with a gift of \$50. We believe that the occasion will be one of the high spots in our service here, and we are proud to have had some part in sending such a fine Christian on his way in God's service. I remarked to Byrdine some time after this meeting that "though their habits of eating may seem to some to be hardly civilized, their kind of Christianity certainly puts our civilization to shame."

One of the privileges I have had since our coming was the serving of the Communion and the administration of baptism. On Wednesday before Easter we held our class for the preparation of the parents who had children to be baptized. Before the meeting was begun, we had two rooms of the Manse filled to overflowing, with people sitting on every available chair and on nearly every bit of available floor space. It was impossible for several parents to come at that time or to present their children for baptism on the evening of Good Friday, so a second Service was held last week. Altogether I have baptized thirty nine babies and children just in the Barrow Church. When I go to Wainwright there will be a large number there to be baptized too. On Wednesday evening before Easter we had the preparation service for the Communion, and on Good Friday evening we worshipped in the Communion. It was gratifying to see how much the service means to these people and it is easier to understand how the people have been anxiously awaiting the coming of a missionary. An Eskimo named Orson came to the house the other day to see us. When he came in he said he had been afraid to come because he couldn't speak English very much. I told him that he didn't need to be afraid because he could speak English much better than I could speak Eskimo. He was not quite so nervous then, and before he had gone we had quite an enjoyable visit. But the thing I want you to know is the spirit he expressed relative to our coming. It is the spirit which I felt was present in the Communion and service of Baptism. He said, "We very glad when you come. We pray much. He meant they had prayed much for the coming of a minister, and when he said it, we did not doubt that they had."

It seems to us that there just isn't time for anything here, but perhaps a glance at last week's schedule will explain some of the lack of time. Sunday night of course was Church, and after that was choir practice. Tuesday night was Session meeting at the Manse, Wednesday afternoon two of the elders and I walked over the village and served Communion to shut-ins at six different homes, baptized ten babies in a special service at the church, held a Communion Service at the church, and served Communion to the patients in the hospital, and in the evening we had prayer meeting. Thursday evening we held the teachers training class because the Young People were having a party on Friday night. Besides the regular church activities, there was the regular list of irregularities connected with just living here. At the first of the week there was the thawing of drain pipes and making an attempt to extract water from under the bathroom linoleum, then toward the end of the week the weather became mild and there were such things as checking the attic for frost, then moving out boxes, etc. removing all contents, shaking the frost and water out of them, scooping up the frost from the floor, mopping up the surplus water, and hanging up all the wet materials to dry. With these emergencies always arising, there are such common things as eating, sleeping, receiving callers, and facing the long list of things that should be done to keep the property in good condition. It is not difficult to see why the wife of the former missionary said that we wouldn't have time for using any hobby materials.

For pages I have been trying to draw this letter to a close, but as yet I have been unsuccessful. I am now beginning to have hope, but I want to make note of a few scattered items I think will interest you. One evening while we were having choir practice the curfew began shrieking and the church bell began ringing. Someone

If there are those who have not received this letter, and wish a copy of it, or of the letters which are to follow, we will be glad to put you on the mailing list if you write us. Pass the word along.

Sincerely,

Samuel Lee
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION

AT

BARROW, ALASKA

APR 8 1946

March 21, 1946

~~FREDERICK C. KLEREKOPER, MINISTER~~

Rev. J. Earl Jackman
Room 711
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Jackman:

We arrived at last after being a month in Fairbanks. When we arrived there Weir's plane that usually makes the Barrow run was in Seattle getting new gas tanks and other improvements. They told us at the office that it would be back in a week, then after that they put us off three or four days at a time, and finally a day at a time. When we did come, they made the trip with the plane that flies to Nome. When we arrived at the hangar the first morning they told us they did not have room for our trunks, but would bring them the next time. The weather turned bad that day, so we tried again Saturday and made it through without too much discomfort. There were eleven passengers aboard.

The trip was rather cold, I believe the coldest was about 45 below zero. Some of the passengers had extra mukluks they gave to Byrdine and David and we really appreciated them. Roy met us at the Navy Airport and we came right to the house in a Weasel. The tea kettle was boiling, so we had tea in a few minutes after we arrived.

Sunday morning was quite an experience. There were 414 present besides the babies which were not counted because they were asleep in their mothers' parkas, and 32 members in the choir. It was an inspiring sight to see the choir march in, wending their way in and out among the people seated in the aisle, and to hear them sing the processionals. Although we arrived Saturday afternoon, Roy felt that the people would want me to preach, so I did. The combined services Sunday lasted for more than 6½ hours. It was a busy day, to say the least. Tuesday night the Session met here, and every member who is in the village was here. It was an education to see the Session at work. Wednesday night was Prayer Meeting. There were 307 present.

Roy and I have been working since Tuesday morning on the inventory and will probably complete it by noon tomorrow. Quite a bit of the fresh fruit was not used and much of it is lost. None of the eggs were used, and things in the room under the kitchen froze, but some of the supplies there are ~~usable~~ useable. It was 20 degrees in the room there, but the house was warm. Roy had done everything possible to get ready for us. We will have the order in the mail as soon as we possibly can and I will try to have a copy of my travel expenses ready to send at the same time.

Sincerely, Sam

P. S. - After finishing the letter I recall that I had not asked about one of the things I am anxious to know about. Will you please write me giving the amount you said was available for such things as chores and other items of labor on the property, for ice cutting etc., and also for the travel to Wainwright and the point. If we can get our order off, and things here in order before Roy leaves for G. A., Roy and I will try to get to Wainwright. If we make the trip it will have to be by plane because of the shortness of the time.

Sincerely,

1/14/46
2.
Long reported trip
to Wainwright
being contemplated
by Roy & I
via plane.

MAY 6 1946

6

ans 3/8/46

Yellowknife

Barrow, Alaska
April 25, 1946

Rev. J. Earl Jackman, D.D.
Room 711
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Jackman:

We were very disappointed that you could not come on to Barrow with Mr. Bingle. There were many things that we would like to talk with you about. We really had little hope that you would be on the plane when Rev. Bingle came, but we had no other thought than that you would still be in Fairbanks when Roy arrived there. I suppose that if the truth were fully known, a very large part of my disappointment is due to the realization that I must WRITE many things that I could have SPOKEN, or that Roy could have discussed with you. I had given him a number of things to discuss with you, but I am writing because I feel they are urgent matters and need attention before Roy will see you.

First, the matter of the Wainwright Church. After almost giving up hope of making the trip before Roy had to leave, we flew down Saturday evening, April 13. We called a meeting of the Session at 8:30 that evening to make plans for all the Services of the next day. Before we had begun the meeting the Government nurse had forbidden any public gatherings. We got that word from the School teacher. She suggested that we see the nurse and get the facts from her, but it was only after considerable urging on the part of the teacher that the nurse would agree even to speak to us. She is very outwardly against anything the Church does, but there was reason for concern over the health of the people. Before we left Monday evening, there had been more than 100 cases of respiratory infection or illness. We were keenly disappointed, as were the people there. As highly as they regard the Sacraments it surely was a blow to have a minister there and then not be able to hold any services.

We proceeded with the Session meeting and dismissed about 12:00 Mid-night to convene on Sunday at 10:00 A.M. We met from 10 until 1:30 and then adjourned until 3:00. From 3:00 we convened until 7:30, then from 8:30 until 1:00 A.M. Monday morning we began again at 10:00 and adjourned at noon hoping to be able to meet again in the afternoon with one of the men who was out of the village at the time. Roy and I took that opportunity to shovel into the manse and we were just in the process of cleaning the snow out of the back porch when the plane arrived to take us back to Barrow. We had word that Wein's plane was to come from Fairbanks on Tuesday, so we had told the pilot who took us to Wainwright to come after us on Monday even if we had to pay charter rates.

The Session members at Wainwright had wondered at first why God would allow us to make the trip when we could hold no Services, but by the time we left we all felt that God's wisdom was greater than ours. Had we been able to hold services, it would have been impossible to conduct the business of the Session. Most of the cases were urgent and we were able to act on cases that had been hanging for nearly a year. Everyone is very anxious for me to come back soon. I had hoped to be able to go again in a month, and surely within two months, but I had planned on Roy's seeing you in Fairbanks and your wiring me instructions about Wainwright.

When Fred Ipalook could not take up the work there, Roy suggested that the only other person he felt could take care of the work was Alva Nashoalook, the Postmaster. We talked the matter over with him while we were in Wainwright. He seems capable, and indicated that he could spend at least half his time in the work there and said that a salary of \$600.00 would be agreeable. We did not know whether coal would be furnished, nor did we settle the matter as to whether he should have the use of the manse. I told him that the whole matter was left to your decision and that as soon as we could get word from you I would try to come down and go over things carefully with him. I wonder too whether he would have the privilege of ordering his goods as we do.

Another matter in my mind is the painting of the inside of the Church, and the installation of the light plant and wiring of Church and Manse. I am wondering whether I should take the time this summer to go down there and stay until these jobs are done. The number of things there are here to be done in the summer astounds me, but it seems that these things at least, should be done at Wainwright.

The second matter is the coal supply. We have had 32 tons of local coal delivered and there is that amount of new coal here. I am sending the bill in this letter. — 22 box of 20 - put 900.

Third, the light system at Barrow. I inquired of the man in charge of the system here about the possibility of our supplying some fuel for the engines. He stated that in response to a request of some of the natives for lights, he had brought the matter before the Seattle Office and they had replied that no one was to be hooked on to the line except the Government Agencies. The Manse and the Church seem to have been connected on to the line while Uotilas were living here, and that against the officer in charge. However, Sgt. Van DeWater who is now in charge here says that unless there is a complaint made, he has no intention of cutting off the power, but if we want to do so we may have the matter brought before the Seattle Office to ascertain whether we can arrange to supply fuel oil and continue to use electricity. Unless they reverse their former ruling or make some concession, the power will no doubt be cut off.

I told him that I would write you of our discussion and you would take whatever action seemed best. It would surely be a blessing if we could keep the lights, but it hardly seems right to be using them if it is against government regulations.

The fourth item is one concerning the spiritual duties I have discharged here. On Wednesday, April 17th, the fathers and mothers of all the babies that were to receive baptism came to the manse and were prepared for the baptismal service. All our chairs were filled in a few minutes, and by the time everyone got here there were people sitting all over the floor in the living room and in the front reception room. That evening we held the preparation service for the Communion, and on Good Friday evening we held the Communion and baptized the children. We had baptized Roy's baby on Tuesday because he had expected to leave, and on Friday evening I baptized 28 more babies making a total of 29. Those people suffering from T.B. were not present except for a few who sat in the balcony, but we are planning a service next Wednesday afternoon for them and will baptize their babies and serve the Communion. Also we plan to take Communion into the homes of the shut-ins and to those in the Hospital. I have visited in the Hospital and found the patients very happy to have the Minister come. One young man there asked Roy for the Golden texts of the Sunday School Lessons for the past three weeks. He had his little notebook there and had been faithfully learning each Golden Text.

It was a heart warming experience too to receive the offering from the children at the Hospital. On Monday evening after the offering was taken for the month of April, one of the Elders, Roxy Ekowana who works at the Hospital, came with 41¢ in nickels, dimes, and pennies and said that was the offering from the children in the Hospital. I confess it was hard to keep back the tears when I thought of the suffering that they are bearing or will have to bear and then realized how precious these gifts must be to the Master. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I believe that you will be interested too to know that before Roy left we had a surprise party for him, and the Church presented him with a gift of \$50. I had suggested to the Session that it would be a fine thing if the Church here could assume some responsibility for the care of Roy's family during his absence. However, after trying to find the needs, it seemed best to just make him a gift to help him with the initial expense of outfitting himself for his stay in the States. Accordingly we planned a surprise and the people jammed the Church. Roy and I had been out to the Navy Base in the afternoon to arrange his transportation to Fairbanks. When we got home Roy noticed that there was a fire in the Church and asked me if we had announced any meeting for that night. I had to

think fast to answer him, but I said I didn't remember that he had. (We had held the Congregational meeting the evening before, and had sent Roy over to the Manse to get some pencils and sharpen them while we made the announcement of the meeting). Roy was still wondering about the fires at the Church, but after he put the dogs away he came over to the Manse and I suggested that he could print some pictures that we had taken of his family. He "fell" for the idea, and so was in the darkroom printing pictures while the crowd gathered. He hadn't seen anyone go to the Church, and though he thought something special was happening he was surely surprised when we took him over to the Church.

The Feast was a new and interesting experience for us, and one which we will not soon forget. I hope to describe it more in detail for our relatives and friends, but you have no doubt heard before what the Feast is like. Following the Feast we had a worship Service and a brief message of Commissioning for Roy. So far as I know he is the first Eskimo to be elected to be a Commissioner to G.A., and we did what we could to make it a memorable occasion for him and for the Church. I am already hoping that his Ordination can be held in the Barrow Church with the members of Presbytery meeting here. I believe that their Christianity here is so far beyond that of the States that Roy will really be a credit to the General Assembly.

The fifth matter is the payment of the per capita tax. Including the Easter offering and the special offering for Roy, we have taken three offerings this month and I wonder whether it would not be wise to pay the tax from the regular offering rather than to take a special offering to pay the tax. I believe that before another year is over we can bring the people to making an offering each week, but I do not think it best to put too much before them at one time. Please advise me on this matter.

Sixth, I want to thank you for the Christmas Gift which I found in the mail on arrival at Barrow. I have felt that one weakness of my Seminary course was the lack of some definite training along that line. I have tried in the last few years to plan my sermons a year at a time and have felt that the extra effort was well repaid. I shall be interested in studying the book for its suggestions and helps. Thank you again!

I believe that two or three items in this letter could be used for publicity. If you care to rewrite them and use them, feel free to do so.

Sincerely,



Samuel Lee
Barrow, Alaska

P.S. Perhaps you should frame this long letter, I doubt that I'll ever get another written as long as this one.

April 30, 1946

VIA AIRMAIL

The Rev. Samuel Lee
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

Dear Sam:

We have been delighted to receive all your reports of your introduction to Barrow and your first impressions of your work. Certainly you are having new and impressing experiences which will make you realize the importance and the challenge in the ministry which lies ahead of you. I received some of these reports before leaving Alaska but there has been no time up to the present to write very much to you.

When Mr. Bingle told me that he had been invited by the Navy to go up and hold services for the men in the Seabee Camp, my first reaction was that the Navy should have asked you to do that. However, Mr. Bingle had not been to Barrow and we consented to the trip in order that he might have that experience and render that service on a day when you would be busy. I think you ought to make that contact with the Navy and Construction Company and offer to serve as frequently as possible in connection with your regular responsibilities.

As you write us from time to time, we would like to have information about the developments of the Navy program, the influence of the construction people on the life of the village, the number of outside people in the village, and all other current information which would be helpful in getting the picture of Barrow and its surrounding territory.

You asked the question about allowances for transportation and chores. We had been carrying in our budget the amount of \$500. for transportation expense. Not much of this had been used for this in recent years because of war limitations. The last year it was used Mr. Klerekoper made an agreement with Sig Wien for transportation three or four times a year by air to Wainwright for communion and once a year to Demarcation Point for the \$500. Since Sig was not able to make the trip to the Point, we have paid for your trips to Wainwright as they have occurred. We shall reenter this \$500. item and ask you to work out whatever situation seems to be most practical. We made an allowance for \$15. a month for chores.

close to
Yukon by
train & travel

April 30, 1946

We realize that this may not be sufficient to cover the regular service plus ice cutting and so forth but we are under the impression that Mr. Klerekoper had paid the regular chore boy \$10. a month in groceries for two or three days service a week and the best figure he had on ice cutting was about \$60.- for the season. Ordinarily \$15.- a month would cover this item but you may have to stretch this in your personal relations and service as you make arrangements. The allowance for chores was made beginning January 15th. Ordinarily this should not have been made until you arrived on the field but since the adjustment has been made and paid we will not object to it.

Speaking of your deductions, we find that our Treasury Department began your pension deduction on the basis of \$200. salary plus the allowance for chore boy. This has been called to their attention and an adjustment will be made so that from June on your regular pension deduction will be \$6.90 a month. Covering it briefly, in January you had a check for \$83.33 salary; in February you had a check for \$206.32 which covered \$200. salary plus \$16.67 in our salary adjustment fund, which need not mean anything to you except you getting the money, less pension deduction of \$10.35; in March you had a check for \$193.10 which covered \$200.- salary less \$6.90 pension deduction; In April \$220.42 was sent which represented \$200. salary plus \$52.50 chore boy expenses for one-half of January, February, March, and April less pension deduction of \$8.68, less your insurance of \$23.40. The Treasury deducted pension payments on the chore boy expense for these months but in May your check will have a credit of \$1.78 for this.

In March a check was sent for \$136.67 which was supposed to be the balance due on your trip east in January. We think we have this straightened out but if it is not clear to you do not hesitate to write about it.

Thanks for sending us the statement of the expense account for your journey. I think you have been very fair about charging us a partial amount for your board on the way when you were delayed so long. If you had been in Barrow you would have been on your own food expense so that there is some justification for you personally to assume part of the food expense on the way. We shall be glad to adjust the air freight bill with you when you get the bill straightened out. In our Conditions of Service in Alaska it is indicated that we pay the total bill on 200 pounds per person and one-half of the balance beyond that. I am sure that we will come to a fair agreement on the settlement of the account. We want to be justly with you folks realizing the high expenses involved and we know that you will do the same with us.

Miss Koerner has been struggling with the inventory from Mr. Klerekoper, the statement of supplies shipped last year, and the inventory which you sent us. We are making an effort to give proper credits and just charges. There turns out to be a wide difference between what we should have had there and what you actually found. We cannot charge you for anything which is not there so that whatever the loss is we shall have to assume it. We cannot

memo sent Treas. 4/30/46 re this
 April 30, 1946

tell at this time the exact amount of the goods there for which you should be charged nor do we know the cost of your food and personal order for this year. Beginning in May, we shall deduct \$90. a month to cover these charges. We do not expect to settle the account entirely until near the end of the budget year of 1946-47. When the detail matter is cleared we shall add whatever additional adjustments are necessary to clear up the whole matter. You understand that our procedure is to have you receive your order during the summer for the following year. Ordinarily these costs ought to be counted by September and we begin to withhold the first of October to cover the personal items which you would be using.

There will be a few questions which need to be worked out. Actually we should make three types of expenditures for the mission. First, would be your personal items which we would collect from you through the plan of withholding monthly. Second is maintenance for the mission which includes the allowance for chore boy and ice cutting, fuel, freight on your goods, and supplies necessary for maintaining the Church and manse building. Third, building repairs on the buildings on our property. As we go along these will fall into natural divisions and we will have no difficulty. There may be a few questions about drawing the line as to what is personal in the house and what is maintenance. We would consider that anything which is necessary for the equipment in the house would be either maintenance or building repairs, but the items which you would naturally use in the conduct of a household such as brooms, mops, furniture polish, soap, towels, personal linens, etc. should be considered personal items. However, you ought to consider the linens which you use and leave there for guests as maintenance items. In other words, we might draw the distinction between what is considered a part of the manse and equipment as maintenance and the things which you would use for the family in normal living as personal items. We have no desire to draw too fine a line on these things but feel that you could exercise some common sense and good judgement in listing these things on your order.

The question has been raised about charging for the cloth material which has been on the order in past years and is on yours. So far as we can see this normally has no relation to the maintenance of the mission but was ordered as a personal item by the Klerekopers. Occasionally, they desired to have some help from persons in the village. Mrs. Klerekoper found it was much more reasonable for them to pay in goods which the Natives wanted very much to have and were happy to get for their services. The missionary had the advantage of buying these wholesale and have the Board pay the freight while they paid for services with them at a retail value. They found that the native people were anxious to serve in order to get these things which which they needed.

Miss Jane Gillespie, our Secretary for Specific Work, has suggested to various groups that they might send gifts to the Barrow Mission for Christmas. These will come by mail this year. They should be acknowledged when you receive them and kept for Christmas in the Mission. Occasionally, people will send money direct to Barrow for this purpose or send money to us. The usual procedure is to have the missionary send Miss Gillespie a list of things which they would like to have mentioned if specific requests for definite things come to the office. Or if money is given for that purpose it is well for Miss Gillespie to know what is needed for Christmas gifts at the Mission. I think she has a fairly good idea of such a list but if you have definite suggestions which would be helpful send them to her or include them in your reports to us and we will pass them along.

April 30, 1946

We have not heard from you yet about the coal. If you can get thirty tons up there at \$50. a ton that will be much cheaper than we can buy it and ship it up. That also will give us a little larger margin this year to supply some of the equipment which you have listed among your needs. We hope you can secure it but we shall wait until we receive your wire. You ought to wire us definitely one way or another so that we shall be sure you are supplied. Unless we can be sure of coal up there annually, I think we ought to consider converting to oil for all of our sources of heat in manse and church.

We are attempting to provide as many of the things on your list as possible. Two or three of these may not be available and are quite expensive but we shall see what we can do. I refer to the wide carriage type-radio writer and the vacuum cleaner. It may be more possible to get the carpet sweeper now and the vacuum later. We ought to be able to get the letterheads for you. We are making some effort in regard to the water tanks but they may have to be made specially. We shall try to give you a report ahead of time concerning the success of these efforts but it is difficult to get information out of Howell when he gets busy in his Church program and is in the midst of ordering these things for us.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Klerekoper reported to us that she found part of the food chopper among their articles when she unpacked in Ithaca. They belong to your equipment in the manse and Mrs. Klerekoper is to return them for use. We hope they will arrive this summer so that you can use this equipment.

I think we have covered all of the questions which have come up but if not do not hesitate to ask us about anything else. We are looking forward to visits with Roy who can interpret many things and tell us much about what is happening in Barrow. We have had no word about arrangements for the Church at Wainwright nor concerning the promise of remuneration for the one who is to be in charge of this work over the winter. We presume that Roy will give us that information when he comes. We ought to know what plan has been proposed for payments as well as the amount.

Dr. Roth has written that they have \$160. toward a good movie camera for you. If you desire, we shall attempt to locate one here and forward it as soon as it can be secured with some film for use. Also, we understand that the Highland Presbyterial has asked Miss Gillespie for a share in your support. There is every evidence that all of you are in the minds and prayers of many people who have great faith in the possibility of a strong ministry from you in a vital center. We are interested always to have personal information about each one of you. For instance how is David getting along with wool and Byrdine with fur?

Cordially yours,

J. Earl Jackman, Secretary
Unit of Work in Alaska

JEJ:FK

Enc. Receipt for April 22, 1946 payment of \$8.96 on Policy #771142 due June 23, 1946 for Mrs. Mabel B. Lee per Bankers Life Company, Des Moines 7, Ia.

4/23/46

Statement re: The Rev. Lee's salary:

1/21/46 Ch #49337 ————— \$ 83.33
(ch for 1/2 mo regular budget)

2/21/46 Ch #52750 ————— 206.32
(Feb. sal — 166.66 reg. budget
" " — 33.34 (4500.- approx)
200.00
1/2 Jan. sal adj. 16.67 (" "
216.67
less pension { 3.45
6.90 } 10.35
206.32)

3/7/46 Ch #53876 ————— 193.10
(Mar. sal — 166.67 reg. budget
33.33 (4500.- approx)
200.00
less pension 6.90
193.10)

4/8/46 Ch #57443 ————— 220.42
Apr. sal — \$166.67 reg. budget
33.33 (4500.- approx)
200.00
(Chore by Apr. adj. from 1/15) 52.50 { Jan 1/2 mo. 7.50
252.50 { Feb — 15.-
Mar — 15.-
Apr. — 15.-
1.27
7.41
less pension — 8.68
243.82
Ann. Ins. Mch. 23.40
220.42

* the accounting Dept. of pension
on account of reported for chore by
Apr. 15; adjustment will be made
in May check and Mr. Lee will be
credited with \$1.78 { 1/2 Jan. 25
1/2 Feb. 25
1/2 Mar. 25
1/2 Apr. 25
and the primary deduction, would be
adjusted to \$1.78 per month.

220.42
\$ 703.17
\$136.67
Ch #53732
paid to bank
for deposit
on March 6, 46
by Treas. —
bal due on
trip to Cant
in Jan. 1946
(Did we bill Personnel
for their share?)

May 8, 1946

VIA AIRMAIL

The Rev. Samuel Lee
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

Dear Sam:

I, too, was very much disappointed that I did not have the opportunity at least of a visit with Roy before I left Fairbanks. As usual we sat around waiting for Wiens to fly and bring Roy down but that did not happen. I had promised to be in the new Church in Hoonah in southeastern Alaska on Easter Sunday morning and had to come immediately back to the Board's office in order to be present at the annual meeting to see that my requests for Alaska would get through. Attendance at the Board meeting is practically a necessity to answer questions in regard to requests for help in the various parts of the Territory. This makes it difficult for us to be on the field as long a time as we ought to be to see everyone.

You certainly had a long meeting with the session at Wainwright but there were many things to be taken care of. The arrangement which you made with the postmaster to give half-time to the work of the congregation and Church is agreeable with me. We shall approve a salary of \$600, for the year at the rate of \$50. a month beginning as soon as you make the arrangement with him. The matter of his residence in the manse should be left with you to decide on the field with him. It would have been better if Roy had been able to be consulted about this too. It is better for the manse to be occupied than unoccupied but since Roy had been living there he ought to have something to say about it. I wonder however if Alva would want to leave his own home and move over to the manse just for one winter. Perhaps that would give him more accommodation for his family and would be better for them. You decide that question there with him.

We cannot give you a definite word in regard to the fuel for the Church and manse. In 1944 Roy ordered no oil but ordered six tons of coal which was shipped. In 1945 he did not order any coal and we take it from his report that he secured coal locally. He ordered 40 drums of stove oil which was shipped. Also he ordered an oil burning range

May 8, 1946

for the kitchen which was sent. On his maintenance order again this year he has ordered 40 drums of stove oil. If the manse was not occupied last winter we wonder what has become of the stove oil or whether they used it to heat the church for their services. We are planning to send the 40 drums of stove oil for the maintenance of the station. If they need coal I think it ought to be secured locally. We are willing to bear the responsibility for it. The monthly offerings from the congregation are helping us to cut down this net expenditure for maintenance of the station.

Alva would have the privilege of ordering within the \$600 through us if he desires. If he wants to do that his order should come in quickly because all of the orders are in now except Wales and all the ones that have been recieved have been forwarded to Mr. Howell to be filled.

It would be a fine thing for the Wainwright Church if the light plant could be installed as early as possible. We had purposely recommended that this not be done until Roy would be on the ground but this year of absence alters the situation. With all of the oil drilling activity in Barrow I doubt if you ought to be away from your field for a month to do this work in Wainwright. Yet it would be a great benefit to the congregation to have it done. Again it seems that you ought to decide this question on the ground according to your circumstances.

Glad to know that you were able to get the 32 tons of coal. We have approved the bill and are forwarding it to our Treasury asking for a check for payment. The price is a little higher than we pay in the States for a similar number of tons but the fact that we have no freight to pay is a large saving to the Board.

When the lighting system was installed in Barrow, Mr. Klerekoper was given the impression that we could provide some of the fuel for its operation and have the benefit of its use. It would be much more convenient and practical for you ~~to~~ folks both in the manse and church if this could be done. However, it ought to be done with a full knowledge of the Seattle office. In case of the possibility of having it cut off, I think we should write to them and see if the arrangement can be made. However, keep the light plants there and in workable condition in case any action is taken to cut it off.

We appreciate the information about your ministry. We shall use some of it for publicity particularly the story about the offering from the children in the hospital. All of this has a great human appeal and people are eager to know about these things as the fruits of your ministry.

Glad to know that the people were so good about having a farewell party for Roy.

Your reference to the Feast is new to me. Will you tell us more about it?

May 8, 1946

I think the matter of the Assembly tax should be taken out of the regular offerings. At the present time the arrangement is that the Chairman of United Promotion in Yukon Presbytery forwards to you the assigned quota of benevolence for the year which your congregation or Session would agree to accept. The offerings from the Church are forwarded to us here at headquarters and we in turn forward the offerings to the Central Receiving Agency. The balance of the offerings for the rest of the year then are considered Field Receipts which we apply against our net expenditure for the maintenance of the station and the support of the missionary. As time goes on we hope the congregation will come to the matter of weekly offerings with the preparation and adoption of a budget of current expenses assuming a part of their own support and their regular accepted quota for benevolences. In that budget should be put the matter of the Assembly tax. For the present, however, this should be taken out of your regular offerings and you can send it to Mr. Alfson at Palmer who is the Stated Clerk and Treasurer of the Presbytery, or you may include it in the forwarding of the offerings complete to our office and we will return it to him. I think it would be better if you would take it out and forward it to Mr. Alfson by Post Office money order and give us a report on it at the time so that we may have a complete picture of the finances.

One of the things which Roy asked in his arrangements to come out for a year was if we would supply the coal for his family. He has said nothing more about this and we are wondering if it is possible for them to get coal locally out of his salary. We expect to continue his salary over the year or at least a large part of it, after conference with him, so that his family can be cared for. We shall discuss that with him when he arrives. The people in Barrow will be interested to know that Dr. Griest has invited Roy to visit him at his home in Monticello, Indiana. We are arranging for Roy to go there for a few days after General Assembly on his way to Norman, Oklahoma and then stop over a few days at the latter part of August on his return from the University of Oklahoma to Bloomfield Theological Seminary at Bloomfield, New Jersey where he will be in residence at school from early September on through the winter. I am to take Roy to speak to the Men's Bible Class of the First Church of Germantown, Pennsylvania on the morning of May 19th. Sometime in the Fall we are going to introduce him to the Central Presbyterian Church in New York City where we are hoping they may take his full support as a missionary on the Arctic Coast. Roy is going to have many new and interesting experiences.

A letter from Dr. Griest points out the high quality of Christian character in Andrew Akootchook who is our missionary centered at Barter Island. We hope that before too many months go by you will have a personal contact with Andrew and can counsel with him and encourage him in his work. He has a bad hernia condition and I wish he could get to the Barrow Hospital for an operation. You will be interested to know that

Page #4

The Rev. Samuel Lee

May 8, 1946

Andrew gets \$720. a year allowance for salary or supplies. In recent years we have not had too close a contact with him but yet his reports come in occasionally and we write to him occasionally. He has a large family and some of his children help him get around for his work.

Do not put the break on long letter writing. Your letter has been most interesting in spite of its problems. Since my visit in Barrow, I am vitally concerned about all of the things which you are doing. We were glad to get the picture of David in his skin clothing. How is Byrdine getting along with furs? We are interested in all of the news we can get from you. We have the feeling that you fit Barrow very well for your ministry.

Cordially yours,

J. Earl Jackman, Secretary
Unit of Work in Alaska

JEJ:FK

Enc.: Premium Receipt for \$23.40 paid 3/29/46 on Policy #984051 for
The Rev. Samuel R.G. Lee.

Call
Dr. Thorne:

Johnson JUN 3 1946
Barrow, Alaska

May 28, 1946

Dear Mr. Jackman -

I am sending you 15 small records we have made in Barrow for the purpose of acquainting the churches in the States with the people and work here. We had hoped to have the choir make several full sized records, but that was impossible for two reasons. We could not get the large discs at this time, and it happened that at the time we could get the recording machine the men were all out whaling except for a few who work in the village.

However, we made what records we could under the circumstances. The choir numbers are not a fair sample of what the choir can do, but those present wanted to make the records anyway. There were only three men there when we made the choir records and the "mike" was not the

broadcasting type, yet I feel that the records are very much worthwhile.

I believe it will be possible to make up a 45 minute program at least from the records I am sending, and give people there a chance to hear the voices of the people here. With the kodachrome pictures, I feel that a very interesting program could be given. It was my hope to have permanent 8" or 10" records made from these temporary discs.

I have tried in cutting them to arrange it so that both sides of the small discs could be cut on one side of a large disc.

You will probably encounter a difficulty on the records of music because the pitch may vary from the first side to the second.

Will you arrange these as you think best and have duplicates made of

those you want to use, and then
send all the small records to
Mrs. H. M. Wilcox, 672 E. 10th, York,
Nebr. by regular mail? If it
does not cost much to have the
duplicates made I would appreciate
having a set of the duplicates
sent to my parents, Fred B. Lee,
Dawson, Nebraska. You may bill
me for them or deduct the
amount from my next check.

If churches could have the use of
the records for the postage I
believe it would be a good invest-
ment, but you will know best
what use to put them to. One of
the records has a 'hello!' to Roy.

I'm sure he would appreciate hearing
it. These records are not permanent and
can only be played a few times so
the records should be made from

them before these are played more than once or twice.

Andrew Akootchook got to Barrow last Wednesday as you will know from the records. He came for a medical check up for himself and his wife. There is no doctor here at present so he wants me to let you know that he will be going back to Barter Island by launch instead of trying to make the trip back now by dog team. He preached all along the way coming up.

Let us know how the records turn out.

Sincerely,

Samuel Lee

AUG 28 1946

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION

AT

BARROW, ALASKA

FREDERICK G. KLERKOPPER, MINISTER

August 7, 1946

Rev. J. Earl Jackman, D.D.
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Jackman:

Last week our mail came, 100 letters in all, and among the letters were several from your office. We had known that the mail wasn't getting through because we had not heard from our folks. When the mail came last week we had letters which were mailed at various intervals from April on to very late July. I am attempting to catch up on correspondence.

I have your letters before me, and will go through them one at a time and answer those questions which I have not already answered in other letters. First your letter dated April 30 - regarding the Navy Camp. Since Rev. Bingle's visit to the Camp several Chaplains and a few ministers have held services there. I think it is not a misstatement to say that in each case they came, not at the Navy's invitation, but with their consent. By this I mean that the men who have come have come to see Barrow and have held a Service at the Camp in consideration of the free transportation. Lt. Commander Wolfstein has eaten with us and I have seen him on various occasions and offered to hold Services at the Camp whenever they want a Service. However, there is no special desire for any such Service and those who have held services have had from about 10 to 14 in attendance. Sunday night I took three of the Native men out to assist in a Service conducted by Rev. Richard Jones of Kearney, N.J.

I feel that the only way I will be able to hold Services out there will be to do as these other men have done and just say that I want to hold a Service there at a certain time and push myself in. By taking such a course I am not certain that more good would be accomplished than harm. The Navy has only one Weasel for its own use and I would have to have them come after me and bring me back, and I doubt that they feel that the few who would be in the Service would justify that inconvenience to them. On several occasions I have walked out to the Camp, but the water is too high for any boots I have now. I will be guided in this matter by your advice, but I have hesitated to press the matter too far under the conditions I have mentioned.

Many of the moral problems which arose from the Seabee group coming into the Village have not been so bad this summer, but I fear that when darkness reigns here ~~that~~ the problem will again reach great proportions. Meanwhile there have been rapid developments in the lives of the people of the village. I wrote a brief note in last month's report about the Native men working at the Camp. The men had been examined and some of them started to work on Friday, June 28, and a few more began the following day. I had known that the men were going to be granted work, but was not aware that they had actually begun work until one of the men came to me at 9:00 o'clock on Saturday night and asked what he should do about working the next day on Sunday. I told him that he knew the Scriptures and knew what he should do.

When he left the house I started out to round up the Session members for a meeting so that the matter could be settled at the outset. We met until about two o'clock Sunday morning and agreed that the best thing to do was to meet with the men who were working and suggest that arrangements be made so that the men would not have to work on Sunday. The Session members then made the rounds to tell all the men that we would meet on the beach at 6:30 Sunday morning. I talked with the men and they talked among themselves and decided that they would not work on Sunday. I had suggested that I would be glad to go with them and talk with the foreman and the Commanding Officer at the Camp, so they chose one of their men and me to try to arrange the matter. I had warned them that if they refused to work on Sunday it might cost them their jobs, but I was confident that the matter could be settled in their favor.

After we got to the Camp we found that the Commanding Officer was in Fairbanks, so there was nothing to do but speak to the foreman by himself. He refused to even consider the matter and said that the men would have to work seven days a week or lose their jobs. We took the report back to the men and asked them what they wanted to do, and again they said they would not work on Sunday. I had hardly expected every man to make such a response, but felt that they had made the right decision. I walked back to the village with some of the men and the others came in a boat. It was soon the hour for Church and we held a special prayer service and recognized the men who had taken such a stand. I commended them for their decision and assured them that I would take the matter up with the higher officials if the local Commander did not see that they were returned to their jobs. I also told them that if their families lacked any of the necessary foods I would personally provide them as long as we had anything left to give them.

I urged the men to stay by their decision and "stick together" so that some men would not be left without jobs because they would not work on Sunday. What actually happened between Sunday noon and Monday morning I have not been able to learn, but most of the men went back to work on Monday with the understanding that they would work on Sundays. I had felt that the Construction Company would try to see the men separately and take advantage of their weakness and for that reason had urged them to act as a group. However, Mrs. Lee saw three of the men from the Camp waiting around the Mission property on Sunday afternoon after Sunday School, and overheard one of them say "I don't know how we can get them unless we can get them one at a time as they come out." (The men from Camp would be working at that time of day unless they had been sent to the village). I kept in touch with the A.C.S. to know when Commander Wolfstein would be back, thinking that the matter would be settled then and the men could then go back to work. It was Wednesday before I awoke to the fact that the men were already back to work and had agreed to work on Sunday. Two of the Session members were in the group, and I feel that one of them was a leader in getting the men to work on Sunday. The Session wanted to be fair in the situation and realizing the need of the people was anxious that no injustice be done the men. I encouraged them in this attitude and suggested that we present our petition to the Commander at the Camp. When I was finally able to see the Commander last week he reacted very fairly, saying that they would be glad to have the men work on Sunday because there is so much work to be done, but that he would not force a man to work on Sunday if he did not want to. The Navy ships are due here in about a week and he explained that it would be necessary to work every day to get the ships unloaded and out of the area because of ice. I told him I realized the conditions and felt that such an emergency justified the Sunday labor. We then agreed that the men would continue their work and that after the ships were unloaded and the materials housed the men would be free to make their own choice as to whether they would work on Sunday.

Yesterday Captain Gillespie, the officer in charge of the entire project in this area, was here and after brief discussion agreed that that decision was agreeable. He gave me his word that the emergency would cease at the earliest possible moment after the materials on board the ships had been put in shelter.

I believe that the Session will not suspend any of the men for the labor during the emergency, but will suspend any who continue to work on Sunday after the emergency is over.

If that were to end the matter that would be a good thing, but I am afraid that it is only the beginning. There are some of the men at the Camp who are agitating the Natives to work on Sunday regardless, and trying to set them against me because I have encouraged them not to work on Sunday. Of course they can make a case which sounds very good when they can tell the men how badly they need that \$15 or \$20 for working on Sunday.

I have felt that from the very beginning this matter will decide the whole future of the village. With the strict observance of Sunday which has been maintained by the Session through the years, not even allowing a man to hitch up his dogs, ^{to} say now that it is all right to work on Sunday is to

invite the people of the village to discard all the other commandments. During the month that the men have worked on Sunday the village has caught the spirit and several offences have occurred without any real reason, except that if the men can work at the Camp on Sunday then the people of the village can work on Sunday too.

It is heartbreaking to see how the people are being misled and used by white people who have no principles. The Sunday labor is only one instance. The most recent one reached its climax last night. A petition against the Principal of the School was very quietly and slyly circulated among a few of the villagers and was in the mail before many people knew what was going on. I heard about the matter Sunday evening and planned to bring the matter before the Session at our meeting Tuesday, but upon learning more about the matter Monday it appeared that many of the village leaders were determined to put the thing through. It happened that the representative from the Office of Indian Affairs was here from Juneau. He talked with me about the matter and it was finally decided that he would call a village meeting to try to stop the petition, but by that time someone said that the petition was in the mail.

The meeting was held, but the people were determined not to change their minds in the matter even though they were warned that they might be without a School during the coming year. The worst part of the affair is that the man is in the States and knows nothing of the matter and of course is not able to defend himself. Add to this the fact that the petition was begun by a man who was put out of the Indian Service because of improper conduct, a man who has ravished the girls of the village and who is a heavy drinker, and you will see why I fear for the future of the people. It may be that the Principal deserves to be put out, but I feel that regardless of the crime or offence anyone should have a chance to answer any charge brought against him.

It is hard to know what the outcome of it all will be, but it looks like the people here are going to be compelled to meet white man's "civilization" and accept it all or accept only the good. That this time should come seems inevitable, but the outlook for the immediate future is not a bright one. The lowest paid Natives at the Camp have been getting a little over \$300 a month, and the others a little more than \$500 a month. The Commander told me last week that they would need the men steadily, so the men who do not have T.B. will have more money than they have ever had in their lives. For some months much of it can be used for their debts at the store, but when that is taken care of we hope that improvements can be made in housing. The Secretary of the Interior is to arrive here with a large party next week to discuss village problems and the possibility of securing government funds for a building program in the village.

Yet with all the things that can be done constructively, there is the ever increasing problem of liquor and moral laxity and the lure of such places as Fairbanks. We are looking forward to helping the people see their responsibility to support their own Church as they are able, but it no doubt will take a great deal of education.

On to the rest of your letter - The deduction and allowances are clear in my mind. With regard to the expense of our trip, I have given Wein's a check and travelers Cheques for the trip in and for Roy's and my trip to Wainwright (my first trip). I have not been able to get the thing straightened up to my satisfaction, but talked with Sig about it and asked him to talk with the Office at Fairbanks. However, they failed to make a charge for Roy's and my trip down to Wainwright. We went down in the plane with other passengers, but had to charter a plane back. The charge they made was for the charter trip back. I called this to Sig's attention too but he has not said any more about it. Since the overcharge in the one case so nearly equaled the undercharge in the other I paid the bills still hoping that they may be corrected.

*Filed bill for
\$2.06 from
Wein with
Cor. and
rounded
this bill by
Life Sec.*

I recall that in a later letter you say that you have received a bill for \$2.06 from Wein's for air freight. The only air freight that we have received is a package of Kodak supplies which I asked Roy to send me from Fairbanks. I gave him the money to prepay the freight. When the package arrived here it was marked prepaid, but they presented me with a bill for it regardless. I suppose they have been thorough in their work and didn't want to miss you. I do not understand their system of business at the Wein Office, but I would suggest that they send all bills to me and I will pay them and send the receipted bill to you for your records. If the bill for you have is for the items I mentioned that ~~it has~~ been paid and should not be paid again.

You have heard that we secured coal locally as a letter of later date indicates. The quality of the coal is poor and may not give satisfactory results in the Manse in the coldest weather. I have not done any figuring on the comparative cost of oil and the cheap coal but will be able to more intelligently make some recommendation by next Spring. So far as securing oil locally is concerned I doubt that that will be possible for several years to come.

The boat is due here next week and we will be glad for the things that are on it for the Mission. We have had no report as to what Rev. Howell has been able to obtain so will no doubt find it like opening Christmas presents to start opening the shipments which will come on the boat.

I left an order at one of the Seattle Stores for a movie camera and Rev. Howell was to send it on the boat if it is available. If it does not come I shall let you know and you can see what can be done there to get one.

David got along fine with wool during the cold season and Byrdine gets along fine with fur, except the price. She has only a fur fabric parka now, but the fur hood alone cost \$30. We have been able to buy some skins this summer for fur parkas and hope to get them tanned and made before severe weather comes.

I will close this letter and answer your next one in another.

Sincerely,

Samuel Lee

Samuel Lee

P.S. The enclosed check covers the balance of the July and August Offerings. The July Offering was \$44.37, and the August offering was \$52.80. Of this amount I have sent \$54.60 to Rev. Alfson for the G.A. tax; the balance of \$42.57 is included in this check to the Board. \$14.45 is money we collected for freight on the charter plane trip from Wainwright. I am also enclosing a check made out to me for a refund on our R.R. tickets to Seattle. The freight bill from Weins for our baggage from Fairbanks to Barrow was \$597.⁰⁰ at \$294.41. The charter trip from Wainwright April 13, Roy and I, \$150.00. I have paid both these bills totaling \$444.41. According to the expense account for our trip there was a balance of \$67.59 of the \$1000 you advanced to me. If I have made no mistake I believe there is due me \$376.82 on these bills. I hope this is not too involved to be plain to you. If it is I will make another attempt.

Sam

AUG 28 1946

Barrow, Alaska
August 8, 1946

The Rev. J. Earl Jackman, D.D.
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Jackman:

At long last I have progressed to your letter of May 8th. While I was in Wainwright in July I stayed in the Manse there and cleaned up some of the accumulated dirt and had a couple of the rooms scrubbed. I told Alva about the salary arrangement and told him that if he is anxious to live in the Manse later on in the year he could. He has only a sod house to live in and has a large family, therefore I did not feel like he should be kept out of the Manse if he could afford the fuel to heat it. I had asked Roy about the matter but he was rather undecided as to whether the place would be kept better with some one living in it or empty. I believe too that it will be important to have someone in the building if the light plant is installed.

However, I told Alva that if he moved in he should move the things that are there into one room and not use that room. Such an arrangement would still give him several times as much room for his family as he now has. If he does not move into the Manse I will plan to stay there again on my next trip. The people at the School have been so imposed upon by people who have no business being in the Arctic that I would rather not impose ^{upon} them further unless it becomes necessary.

With regard to the fuel for the Wainwright Church I told Alva that I felt that was one thing the people could give to the Church. I suggested that they have a "bee" some day and have all the men go down to the mine ~~in~~ launches and sack enough coal for the winter. I suggest^{ed} that they could use some of the gas on hand for the launches. I believe that all the stove oil is there yet, with the exception of the loss of part of a barrel from a barrel that had been punctured.

I told Alva of his privilege of ordering supplies through the Mission Board, and since it was too late to send the order this year I suggested that he let his pay from the Board accumulate so that he could send his order next Spring.

I also made a check up on the light plant and the materials necessary for installation. I was unable to find any switch box or any outlet boxes for the lights. I expect to be able to send the latter from here, but as yet I have not found a switch box. I suggested that if the house were wired it

August 8, 1946

be done on a temporary basis so that Roy could have the lights and fixtures as he had planned them. I arranged with the two men who work in the weather reporting station there to install the engine and wiring on their days off, and told Alva what arrangement seemed to me to be the best for placing the lights in the Church.

In the matter of the lighting system at Barrow, I have talked again this afternoon with the Sgt. in charge here. He is very willing that we continue to use the lights but showed me a letter stating that only the government agencies furnishing fuel were to be cut in. He believes that the whole thing is a hush, hush, matter so far as the Signal Corps is concerned. He says that it is the only place where the A.C.S. is doing anything in the way of furnishing electricity for even the government agencies. (Please do not quote him on any of these statements). So far as fuel is concerned there is now being furnished twice as much as is needed and by the end of another year there will be enough surplus to supply the engines for two years.

However, he does feel that it would be wise to get the matter on an official basis at the Seattle Office. They are anxious at Seattle that there be no money involved and no book work. I do not know what the cost of operation has been for the light plants at the Manse, nor do I know how much expense would be involved if we were allowed to furnish fuel for the A.C.S. engines. Perhaps you might suggest that we furnish fuel in proportion to the comparative amount of electricity we use and have the amount decided upon by their man here. Communications should be directed to The Commanding Officer Alaska Communications System, 550 Federal Office Building, Seattle, 4 Washington.

I am taking the Assembly tax out of the July and August Offerings in the amount of \$54.60 and am sending it to Rev. Alfson. The balance of the two offerings, \$42.57, I am including in the check to the Board. I have been using my personal check for two reasons, first to save the cost of a money order, and second to keep the change and currency in the village. When I buy a money order that money has to be sent out by the Post Office unless it is used to cash government checks. If it is better to buy money orders please advise me and I will do so. no.

I have had a letter from Roy saying that the Mission is to furnish coal for his family while he is gone. I take it that you have talked with him since writing this letter so I will see that his family is supplied with coal. yes

I can thoroughly agree with Dr. Griest in his regard for Andrew

August 8, 1946

Akootchook. As you know he has been in Barrow for some time. He has seen Dr. Sienfeld, but the Dr. was just finishing up the urgent work here before going outside and so would not do anything more for Andrew. He had intended to go back to Barter Island by launch a week or so ago but was very sick on the morning that the boat went. He has been a pillar of strength in the matter of Sunday labor, and we believe was providentially hindered from leaving when he had planned to. You no doubt have received the order I sent for him. He has had to pay terrible prices for many things which he has been able to get and this privilege of buying through the Board should help him very materially.

The next letter which requires an answer is your letter dated July 10. The matter of transportation has really been a handicap here. We have been unable to depend upon any of the Natives to get water this summer and the problem is getting no better. With the wages the men are getting at the Camp no one is very interested dragging water by the barrel with a dog team. I have had the Weather Bureau haul water twice for me, but they are not at liberty to rent their tractor or make a charge for the work. To date I have not been able to think of any exchange of service that would repay them for the Service. Along with this the need for getting back and forth to the Camp has made the lack of transportation critical.

As to the matter of an allowance for transportation, that would be no solution now because the government agencies are not free to accept money for the use of their equipment. In discussing the matter of transportation with men from the Navy and others who have had to face the problem here no one has been able to offer any solution whereby we can have economical transportation on the ground. It seems to me that the best solution to the needs right around the village would be a small tractor, and if possible it might be one with one high speed gear, or the conventional gears. If the Mission plans to build a new Church a tractor will be almost indispensable. The hospital tractor here is a small one and it has been in operation for ten years and is still giving satisfactory service.

To serve the settlements out from Barrow and along the Coast I believe that a small airplane equipped with skis and pontoons would be the best and most economical vehicle. The skis would make it possible to land at a few minutes notice anywhere along the Coast in the winter, and because of the numerous lagoons all along the Coast the pontoons would make such landings possible in the summer. With this equipment I believe that the danger element would be cut to a minimum. The time involved in learning to fly would hardly be more than that which is used up in waiting for a commercial plane or other means of transportation.

The Rev. J. Earl Jackman, D.D.

Some time ago we read that E. G. La Tourneau would make planes available to several Mission Fields, and we feel that the need here would impress him favorably. There is a settlement of about fifty people at the Meade River and about thirty people near Simpson Bay. Planes land at these places all the time, and Sig Wien told me that when he took Rev. Klerekoper to the Point they landed at all the places along the way where people were living. With a plane these two settlements within a hundred miles of Barrow could be served quarterly whereas now they have no contact with the Church.

Since this part of Alaska is becoming more prominent than it has been in the past, and since such activities as the Navy oil drilling program have brought more money to the area I fully expect that before very long such groups as the Holiness Church, Nazarenes, Pentecostals etc. will be taking advantage of the field. It seems reasonable to me that if such groups of Natives as I have mentioned are left isolated from the Church they may provide the opening wedge for this area. I have no intention of pressing the matter of a plane, but with your permission to do so I believe that I could arrange to secure a plane and operate it to the points which have been served at no greater cost than the \$500 which you have set aside for that purpose. The other points mentioned could be served for a proportionate amount. Of course if some one like LaTourneau would give the Mission a plane the cost of operation alone would be much less than \$500 for these trips.

On the matter of the food items, I think your charge on the fresh foods is very fair. However, in the matter of food stuffs left by Klerekopers I think you must have misunderstood my attempt to clear the matter. I feel that \$250 is much too small an amount for the items left here. I realize that you have cut the amount to this figure to be fair to us, but we had figured that there was only about \$160 difference between what was actually here and what Klerekopers left. Of this amount a part would be made up when Roy was charged for those things which he used. That would mean then that we should be charged nearly \$700 for the items here.

Miss Koerner is right about ^{our} being fortunate to have many of the items we have, but ask her to drink a strawberry malted milk and take an automobile ride for me. I'll eat a pound of butter for her.

I had understood that the cloth was to be used in payment for work on the Mission property such as work on the snowmobile, light plant engines etc. However, if it is personal property we will be glad to pay the full amount on it and will order it on our personal order next year.

Sincerely,

Samuel Lee

Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

OCT 21 1946

September 30, 1946

Dear Friends:

I suppose that to follow through on my first long letter this should really be entitled "The Second Epistle of Samuel". I have just been glancing through that first letter which tells of our experiences in reaching Barrow and the first weeks here, and the length of it frightens me. There are so many things that I want to tell you that I cannot begin to put them down on a few pages of paper.

At the time the first letter was sent out we were just in the midst of the Spring whaling season here, and the ice and snow were fast disappearing. As this letter leaves Barrow we have had the first "freeze up", and now have enough snow on the ground that people are beginning to travel quite a lot with their dog teams and sleds. But to get back to the happenings here - on May 10th I spent the afternoon hauling ice for our Summer drinking water. The Weather Bureau had borrowed the Mission sled during the winter, and we were to have the use of their tractor for hauling our ice. Accordingly we used the tractor and hauled ice from a lake about four miles from the village and stored it in the Mission ice house for Summer use. There is no other satisfactory method of getting drinking water for the Summer. At this writing we are anxiously wondering whether the ice will last until we are able to get ice this Fall. There has been considerable loss through melting, and each piece of ice is more precious than the last.

On the morning following the ice hauling, I made my calls on the patients at the Hospital, and checked especially on the health of an orphan boy who had just come into the village. That afternoon one of the patients I had seen in the morning died. She was a nine year old girl named Molly Leavitt. The father and one of his friends came to the Mission to get clothing suitable for the burial of the child, but the best we could offer was a new pair of children's "sleepers" which had just come in the mail, a gift from one of the Missionary Societies in the States. Since there is no process of embalming used here, the bodies must be cared for and dressed before they cool. There was therefore no time for making anything more suitable than the "sleepers" and they had to be used.

The girl's body was "laid out", and that evening friends of the family gathered at the Hospital. The body was put in the "coffin", and the "coffin" was brought out of the Hospital and put on a sled and taken to the back hall of the Church. The "coffin" was a simple box made of common lumber and covered with white canvas. At the Church the box was opened so that the friends could view the body, then the body was wrapped in a blanket, the lid of the box was put in place and the box nailed shut. The white canvas covering of the box was then pulled tight over the top and tacked smoothly along one edge. The box was removed from the sled and left in the hallway awaiting the funeral.

During that night a small boy died at the hospital. Word came to me at the Sunday Morning Service, so I took an interpreter with me and called in the home following the service. The child was an only child, and of course the parents were deeply grieved, but the depth of their faith was shown in their choice of an Hymn for the funeral. They chose the Hymn "Have Thine Own Way Lord". I invited the parents of the little girl to come to the manse after Sunday school and offered them words of comfort. At the Prayer meeting the previous Wednesday the father had asked that someone interpret the hymn "Have Thine Own Way Lord". He told me that he had been praying much about his little girl, but she seemed to be getting worse all the time and he wanted to understand this Hymn better.

They not only wanted the Hymn "Have Thine Own Way Lord", but also the Sunday School Hymn "Jesus Loves Me". The latter had been a favorite of Mollie after she had learned it in Junior Christian Endeavor.

The double funeral was held the following evening at 7:00 o'clock. At the beginning of the Service the Elders carried the coffins from the back hall and put them on saw horses before the pulpit. The families had chosen the Scriptures which I used in the Service. The Hymns were sung by the congregation and the Scripture was followed by most of the people as they read it in their Bibles. At the close of the Service the Elders carried the coffins out and placed them on a long sled, attached a long rope to the sled, then lined up and pulled the sled to the cemetery. One grave served for both coffins, the smaller being placed on the bottom, and the larger next. The coffins were lowered into place with ropes, then the committal service was held much as it is in the States. Following the committal, snow was packed around the coffins until they were well covered, and upon the snow was thrown the frozen dirt and tundra. The grave had to be dug with pick axes, and except for the top layer of tundra the frozen lumps of dirt were mixed with pieces of solid ice. All the people who attended the funeral followed the bodies to the cemetery, and many of them stayed until the grave was completely filled. We returned to the Manse having had another new experience, and another opportunity to be of service to the people here.

During the last part of May we were able to make a few recordings of the various groups of the Church, singing, telling about whaling, and telling generally about the work of the Church here and at Barter Island. The records were made on a small portable machine, and we are not certain that they will be very useful. However, they have been sent to Dr. Jackman, and if you are interested in using them for your Church it may be possible for him to make them available.

Our Native worker from Barter Island, Andrew Akootchook, arrived in Barrow May 22nd via dog team, and we met him for the first time at Prayer Meeting that evening. He had made the 385 mile trip before the Spring "break up" of the ice so that he and his wife might see the Doctor at Barrow. Upon their arrival they found that there is no Doctor here, and no one was able to tell them how soon there may be one. Within a few days of their arrival, one of Andrew's sons took the dogs and began the trip back to Barter Island before the ice broke up and their way was cut off. Andrew and his wife, and another son with his family stayed in Barrow hoping that there would be a Doctor here sometime during the Summer. Andrew has been a great help in the Church here this Summer as we have faced new problems, but in many ways it has been a time of disappointment and trial for him. He has been unable to have any medical treatment, therefore his health problem has not been bettered yet he has been forced to spend the time away from his home and most of his family. As though that were not enough a few weeks most of the members of his family came by launch to Barrow bringing with them the news that a ten year old son had been accidentally shot while playing with a gun. The boy and his brother had taken the gun from the house and had rowed out to the launch to get ammunition, and while handling the gun the boy was shot through the abdomen. He had lived for about twelve hours, and was apparently recovering when he suddenly died. It was two weeks later that the news reached Andrew at Barrow. When I got to Andrew's tent after the message came, he and his wife were weeping bitterly but he stopped long enough to say to me "it is only for a moment that we weep, and then we will be happy again just like before." In the face of such a sustaining faith I stood, a spiritual pigmy.

It was during that same month of May that I hung out my shingle as a plumber - that is, I would have hung out my shingle if I had had a shingle and a few more plumbing tools. Upon our arrival at the Mission we found the new kitchen range that Dr. Jackman had said was here, and just as he had promised, it was still uncrated. We used the range which had held forth in the kitchen for some years, and made plans to install the new range after the Summer ship had arrived bringing us new water pipes, fittings etc., along with a new melting tank.

The logical procedure was to install the new water tank, new water pipes, and the new stove at the same time. After using the old stove for a couple of months we began to think that logic did not always consider such things as the danger of fire and the possible destruction of the Mission property. Logic "took a beating", so on Monday morning I found myself in the plumbing business. The simple life of the far North became less simple when the proper pipes, fittings, and materials were not at hand to make proper connections. The water pipes to the bathroom had not been working, and on our first attempt to use the tub we had found that the water ran out the bottom faster than we could carry it and pour it into the top. Before I began to tear the pipes out I had the fantastic notion that now I might be able to get the water piped to the bathroom, but investigation and trial proved that all the pipes had been frozen at one time or another, or were so badly rusted that they could not be used at all. It soon became very evident that we would be very fortunate if we were able to find enough pipe and fittings to make satisfactory connections from the melting tank to the kitchen range. The water tank was drained, and bandages of rubber tape and friction tape were very carefully removed from bruised and broken pipes and joints, and the fuel supply to the house was shut off. After two days of uncooked meals and a cold house we were again able to have heat. However, the stove situation was not "well in hand". Oil pipes and water pipes were still leaking, but more bandages, patience and time healed most of the wounds, and those which were not healed are allowed to "bleed" into a pan on the floor. But with all the scouting around for parts, interruptions and insistant "drips", the job was done and we appreciate the stove more than we could have otherwise. You see there are always compensations for our trials, and too we have proved that a "stove in the kitchen is worth two in the warehouse".

In my last letter I mentioned that before many days we would have sunshine clear around the clock. Many of you will be interested to know that on the 25th of May I took several exposures of the sun at fifteen minute intervals from 11:00 P.M. until 1:00 A.M. The exposures were all on one film and the picture shows the course of the sun during those two hours. We are told of course that the sun does not move, but the picture makes it seem that the sun does the moving instead of the earth. The first sunset since that time was August 4th, but we did not see the sunset until August 6th because of cloudiness. The nights are now growing longer and the days shorter. I believe that the date when the sun is no longer visible is November 22. After that time there will be no sunshine until the latter part of January.

Mark down another first for us. On June 13 and 14 we witnessed Nalukatuk for the first time. "Nalukatuk" is an Eskimo word meaning "to toss in a blanket". It is the principal game played at the celebration which follows a successful whaling season in the Spring. Hence the celebration has taken the name of the game, and now the entire celebration is called "Nalukatuk". In my first letter I mentioned that one whale had been caught but it was lost because of wind and ice conditions. Five more whales were caught during the Spring season, so the people really had cause for a celebration. It seemed to us that the celebration should take God into account since it is by His hand that all things good come to us. Accordingly, we mentioned the thought to several people, and after discussion of the matter the Session voted that the day should begin with a special service of thanksgiving. None of the villagers could recall that such a service had ever been held before, but nonetheless we had 250 in attendance. Following the Church Service the people disbanded, and those responsible for the celebration busied themselves with final preparations of the food and the blanket for the blanket tossing.

The blanket for the Nalukatuk is a skin blanket about twelve feet square, reinforced on the under side with rope netting. The blanket is suspended in the air by four

NALUKATUK



Adam Leavitt

long ropes attached to each of the four corners and passed over X braces and anchored to "dead men" buried in the sand. Two of the ropes are attached to blocks and tackles so that the blanket can be kept taut. On all sides of the blanket are hand holds so that participants may hold to the blanket and toss it up and down. The person being tossed climbs into the blanket and as soon as he is on his feet the "tossers" begin moving the blanket up and down, and on the count of three the blanket is given a high toss upward. The person who was on the blanket "sails through the air with the greatest of ease", and if he is sufficiently agile or remarkably lucky, he lands on his feet. The process is repeated until the contestant loses his balance and is unable to stay on his feet, or until the "tossers" decide that they cannot "down" the contestant. Several of the jumpers, or contestants were able to jump very grace-

fully about fifteen feet into the air and land just as gracefully on the blanket. Others - well, just try it sometime. Me? I have a great ambition to grow old enough to retire on a pension, so I contented myself with watching.

The celebration continued well past midnight the first day, and began the following day about noon. At noon and in the evening the families whose crews had caught the whales furnished muktuk (whale skin) and other delicacies for the people of the village. The second day of festivities were held in the North section of the village across the lagoon. The activities were much the same as those of the first day except that they lasted longer. The blanket tossing and eating continued until about 10 o'clock at night, then began the Native Dancing which on the second night lasted until five or six o'clock in the morning. The dancing reminded me of some of the Native dances of Africa. About all I could see to the dance was the stomping the feet and waving the arms in time with the beat of the skin drum and the chant which was droned by the drummers. I must be nearing the realization of my ambition (mentioned above) for I was not tempted to try the dance nor to stay until five or six o'clock in the morning to watch it. However I must admit that we immensely enjoyed watching one little boy about three years old as he kept time with his feet and tried his best to pull away from his sister to get on the planks to do his dancing. I tried several times to get his picture, but each time someone pulled him back, or the music stopped at the wrong time.

I must not neglect to tell of our experience of walking on the Arctic Ocean. At Nalukatuk time, June 13 and 14, it was necessary to walk out on the ocean in order to get over to the North side of the village. We had watched the Eskimos sauntering along on the ice and had not been in the least concerned about their safety, but with water over the surface of the ice in many places and several feet of ocean beneath it, we walked rather cautiously. Our added weight must have been too much for the ice to bear, for lo, a very few days later the ice was broken up and the wind blew it out to sea. Everyone had told us that the ice would be safe until nearly the middle of July, so what but our weight could have made it go out almost a month early? At least we are on the land instead of at the bottom of the ocean, and that is what we are most concerned about.

We had escaped drowning in the icy waters of the ocean, but the next day tragedy really struck the Manso. Had you been living in Barrow that evening you might have

heard the local news boys shouting,

"Extra! Extra! read all about it! Get your Barrow Bugle here!

EXTRA! EXTRA! Missionary family forced to eat from garbage barrel! EXTRA! EXTRA!" (Of course we didn't have a daily paper in Barrow then, as a matter of fact we still don't, but If we had had a daily paper, and IF we had had news boys, and If you had lived in the village you would have heard something like that. At least the missionary family did eat from the garbage barrel.

It all began when a Red Cross Field Representative arrived in Barrow from California. She had come to check conditions at the Camp to ascertain what the Red Cross could do to serve the men there. She had been advised in Fairbanks that wherever she found accommodations in Barrow, fresh fruit and vegetables would be a most welcome treat. It so happened that she stayed at the Manse, and so she bestowed the precious fruit and vegetables upon us. Byrdine took special care to keep the fresh goods in the coolest place, which place at that time seemed to be the back porch. When the chore

boy came, Byrdine was careful to preserve the fruit and vegetables and gave the chore boy careful instructions not to burn the things in that particular box because it was not trash. She had previously told him to save paper sacks instead of burning them.



These precautions taken, we ate our evening meal and enjoyed to the full some of the delicious fresh food. Everything was lovely until my brain got to working overtime. The more I thought about it, the more I was consumed with a premonition that something dreadful had happened. I finished my meal, and quietly went out to the back porch to caress those tender heads of lettuce, those oranges, peppers, bananas, apples, and grapefruit. There as neatly placed as you please was the bright, clean box, carefully emptied of all its contents, and the paper sacks (empty) had been carefully laid on the work bench. I could no longer keep the sad news to myself, so I went into the kitchen and told the woeful tale. I am not certain what emotion was uppermost in our minds as we scurried out to the garbage barrel in the back yard, but whatever ones they were, they were a little unsettled at the moment. I began stirring in the warm ashes and piece by piece brought out what was left of several dollars worth of wonderful fresh fruit and vegetables. They had been wonderful; now we were digging them out of the ashes. Lest you should begin to shed crocodile tears with us I won't describe the appearance of each piece of fruit as we removed it from its crematory. Suffice it to say that it was "a very solemn occasion". Fortunately for us most of the trash that evening (with the exception of the fruit and vegetables) had been paper, and the fruit had sunk to the bottom of the barrel as the paper burned. Two beautiful heads of lettuce came out with the outside leaves thoroughly wilted, but otherwise as good as new. We took most of the things to the house, and by eating tarred and 'smoked portions and paring off the burnt portions we were able to have food that we had at least seen when it was fresh. It all proves that one never knows when he will be the next to have to eat from the garbage can -- if they just wouldn't burn the stuff first! Incidentally, we have received a special gift from the Missionary Society at Huron, Kansas. Mrs. Slade of the Presbyterial enclosed a note saying that we can use the money for bananas. (The reference is to the "airplane" bananas I purchased in Anchorage). Thanks! Huron.

During the Summer months we had several people come to the Manse to tell us "Good-bye"! After having such crowds in Church during the Winter months it has seemed odd to have so few at the Services. My notes indicate that on June 9th we hit the "all time" low for attendance since we have been here. At the morning Service that day there were only 151, but the evening attendance was 395. Many of the people of the village have gone inland to hunt or fish, but a few have come back to the village for the winter now. During the Summer it has rained nearly every Sunday, and those who have braved the rain have sat through the Services with their clothing dripping rain. It is a wonder that more of the people have not been sick. We have seldom had a fire to heat the Church although the temperature has averaged about 40°.

During the month of June, Barrow began to have "labor pains". Near the end of the month about twenty-five of the Natives began working at the Navy Camp as laborers. We had been hoping that the way might open for their employment believing that the people would be benefited by this additional income. The men were given thorough physical examinations and those who passed were hired and began working on Friday, June 28. On Saturday the foreman told the men to report for work on Sunday morning. Saturday evening about 9 o'clock one of the men came and asked me what he should do. Observance of the Sabbath is one thing the Church here has held to rather tenaciously, and in my mind it seemed that the future moral and religious state of the village would depend very much upon the way this problem was met. As soon as the man had finished talking with me, I began walking over the village "rounding up" the members of the Session. We were finally all at the Manse at 11:30 Saturday night ready to begin our meeting. After discussing the matter at some length, it was decided that members of the Session and I should meet with the men before they left the village in the morning at 6:30. The Elders separated, going to the homes of the workers involved to tell them that there would be a general meeting at the skin boat at 6:30 Sunday morning. I got to bed at 2:30 and got up in time to eat and start for the skin boat at 6:00. I had been in bed all week with the flu and had not been out of the house before Saturday, but somehow the Lord provided strength for the day.

I spoke to the men and told them that I felt they would not be compelled to work on Sundays if they asked the Commander and the Foreman to give them Sundays off. They decided among themselves that they would not work on Sundays even though they would be "fired" if they didn't. I was chosen with one of their number to present the matter to the Commander and the Foreman. We then began a race against time to report to the Camp at the time set for the men. It appeared that there were too many for all of us to ride in the skin boat, so I walked with two of the men. Trying to walk here in the Summer time is comparable to walking through a mucky feedlot in the Spring or Fall. If you walk on the beach you think that the tundra could not possibly be worse, and if you are sinking to your ankles in the tundra, you begin to think that the sand on the beach would at least be more nearly dry. We had fought our way over about three of the four miles to the Camp when the men in the boat pulled to the shore ice and motioned for us to come get in the boat. To be truthful about the matter, I have very little faith in those things, especially when there are icebergs floating all around. However, I was so nearly exhausted that I thought that I'd give the boat a try. We were soon on our way again, and three of the men from the boat had taken our place walking. We hit a few small chunks of ice and pushed through an ice crust in some places, but we arrived at the Camp only about ten minutes late.

We went directly to the office building and met the foreman, but were told that the Commander was in Fairbanks. We presented the matter to the foreman, but it was plain from the outset that he had no inclination to cooperate in the matter. He stated that the men must either work seven days a week or not at all. We did not tell him what the decision of the men had been, but first took his word back to the men so that they could be free to decide for themselves what they would do under the

circumstances. Knowing the needy conditions of the men and their families I felt that every man should decide for himself what his action would be. The men talked among themselves, and again without exception decided that they would not work on Sunday. I had not dared to hope that the men would make such a decision, but I felt confident that God would vindicate them for making such a stand. We carried the decision back to the Foreman and he said that the men should not report for work the next day. Most of the men came back to the village in the boat and the rest of us walked back, reaching the village in plenty of time for the Morning Service. I preached from Matt. 6:24-34. We recognized publicly all those who had been in the group, and held a special season of prayer that God might work out His will in the matter.

I urged the men that they act as a group and that no one return to work on a seven day a week basis until they all did, or until everyone in the group knew what was being done. I felt thoroughly convinced that the Naval Authorities would grant their request except when there is a state of emergency. What actually happened that Sunday evening I do not know. One report is that men from the Camp came to the village to get the men to agree singly to come back to work and work on Sundays as well as other days. Another report is that a couple of the men from the village went to the Camp and made such proposals. The fact is that most of the men returned to work on Monday, and the others on Tuesday, all with the understanding that they would work on Sundays.

This action was a keen disappointment to me and to most of the Elders, and we were at a loss for some time to know what the men actually wanted. It had been our purpose to make it possible for a man to keep his job and at the same time have Sundays free. It was finally voted that we petition the Naval Authorities to make it possible for those who want Sundays off to still retain their jobs. On several occasions I had been unable to see the Commanding Officer because he was in Fairbanks, but one day in the latter part of July I contacted the Camp by telephone and found that the Commander was in Camp. It happened to be one of the many days of rain, but I was fortunate enough to be able to "hitch" a ride to the Camp, and across one of the deepest channels of water on the way back. I waited for two hours or more to talk with the Commander, but it was worth waiting for. He was as gracious and considerate as I thought that he would be, and said that if a man did not want to work on Sunday they would not force him to. Since it was apparent that everything must be put in readiness for the arrival of the supply ships, it was agreed that no action would be taken to stop the Sunday work until after the ships were in and the goods taken off the beach and put into safety. The ice on the ocean is so treacherous that the ships are unloaded onto the beach in the quickest possible time so that they can get out of the Arctic before the ice catches them.

When the time actually came to announce that the men did not have to work on Sundays, several of the men did not go to work on Sunday. During the following week the Foreman called some of them into his office and told them that if they did not work on Sundays they would be fired". I saw the Navy Commander again and he gave me the same reply that he had before, but the whole matter hinged on who has the power to hire and fire. The Foreman could not be reached while I was at the Camp, but after talking with the Commander for a time it became clear to me that the few men who were willing to stand up for Sabbath observance could be "fired" without any reason being stated. In such a case about the only thing the Navy could do would be to see that there was no racial discrimination. Such being the facts it seems best to drop the matter rather than have the most deserving and faithful men lose their jobs. We arranged that yesterday, Sept. 29, one of the Elders would hold a short Service for the men in their mess hall during the noon hour. If the men are willing to take that time each Sunday, and if we are able to arrange for transportation to and from the Camp we will probably hold such a Service each Sunday. It may be possible for

the Elders to serve in rotation in handling this Service, and by having an Elder take charge of the Morning Service in the village I could hold the Service at the Camp occasionally. Perhaps this contact will enable the Church to help these men more than in any other way, but we cannot clearly see the things which are veiled by the future.

These are the "labor pains" of which I speak. They have arisen as a direct result of employment of Eskimo labor at the Camp, and are, I believe, the beginnings of such pains and problems as the village has never known. They are pains which the people must undergo as a new type of Eskimo civilization is born. Let us pray that the Christian faith which has meant so much to them, may not be cast aside for the "filthy rags" proffered by the world.

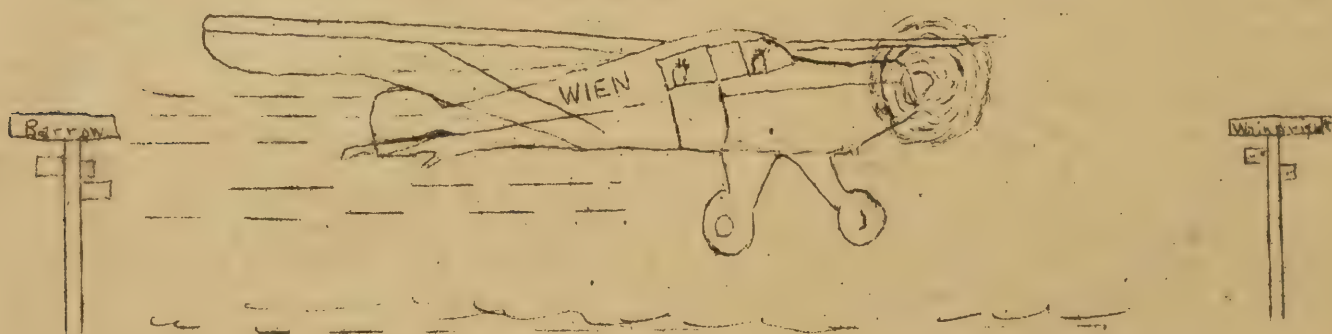
Independence Day in Barrow brought the customary celebration and games. The young people of the Church had charge of planning the program for the day. Everything was carefully planned and went about as scheduled. The first event was not written on the program, but it is nevertheless a part of the celebration each year. It was the shooting of fire-crackers - not the half inch variety, but sticks of dynamite placed in fifty-gallon oil drums. The explosions shook the village and sent the sand and dust flying in all directions on the beach. Other activities of the day included various races for the children, sack races, three legged race, wheel barrow race etc. Two of the young people had gone around the village the night before and collected things which were used for prizes for the contests. When they came to our door they were carrying a gunny sack. We had no idea what they had come for, but we invited them to come in and sit down. They sat and sat until we finally asked whether they wanted something. The girl said, "prizes". Well, we hadn't been told anything about the customs for their celebration, so that didn't mean a thing to us. We were able after some time to figure out that they wanted prizes for the celebration, but we were still at a loss to know what kind of prizes they wanted. After agonizing for some time we concluded that they wanted food supplies and household supplies. I took a wash tub to the warehouse and came back with soaps, cereals, baking powder, soda, matches, and sundry other items and proceeded to fill their sack above the half way mark. That must have been what they wanted, for they picked up their sack, thanked us, and left.

Games for the adults were similar to those we have in the States, with the exception of scheduled Kaiak and Umiak races. The sides for the games were divided so that the married people contested against the unmarried ones. The Kaiak race was not held because the ocean was too rough (a Kaiak is a one man skin boat). In the Umiak race (the Umiak is a large skin boat of the type used for Spring whaling), the married men raced against the single men. There were eleven men in each boat, each with his paddle or oar. After the crews were selected they rowed about in the ocean for a while, then rowed out to an iceberg to start the race. While the first crew waited for the other one to get to the iceberg, they hauled their boat up on the ice and walked around on the iceberg. When the second crew arrived, the first boat was pushed off the ice and the men made ready for the start. Both boats were headed toward the shore, and each man held his oar high above his head. The starting signal was given, oars flashed to the water, and the boats jumped forward. Here was a real exhibition of teamwork. At each stroke of the oars the boats fairly lifted out of the water and lunged forward. Stroke by stroke they skimmed across the water. As they neared the shore the young men gained the lead and drove their boat onto the beach, the winners! Dripping with icy sea water, the men climbed out of the boats and the celebration was over until evening.

Two contests were held in the evening between the men of the village and the men of

the Navy Camp. The first was a "tug of war" and resulted in a decisive victory for the village. The second was a softball game which terminated with the men from the Camp leading by a large margin. Except for the ability of the pitchers, the game was not an uneven contest, but the pitcher for the men from the Camp was just too fast and too good a pitcher for the villagers. The weather was more like football weather than softball weather; the thermometer read 30° and snow was flying intermittently during the evening. I like my 4th a little warmer, don't you?

The weather man must have had his dates mixed, for a few days later we had July 4th weather, and the temperature soared to the high of 72°. The highest recorded temperature here is 76°, so you know it was really hot. Bugs of all shapes and sizes took advantage of the weather and for a few days they held a harvest festival. It was in the midst of this heat wave that Sig Wien brought me word that he could take me to Wainwright. It was a most inopportune time to leave Barrow because of the things that were happening so fast here; but up here you either go when the plane goes or you stay at home. I decided that there was nothing to do but take this opportunity to go. I made hurried preparations for one of the Elders to teach the Sunday School teachers that evening and to preach on Sunday during my absence. I packed such food supplies as I thought I might need to camp at the Manse in Wainwright, and for a bed I took two comforters and a sheet. Scarcely had I gathered these things together when the plane zoomed over the village and landed on the tundra south of the village. I donned my parka, picked up the bundles and started walking. You can well imagine how uncomfortable I was wearing a fur parka with the temperature at 72°, but wearing it was the easiest way to carry it, and I thought I might possibly need it before I got home. Puffing, panting, and snorting, I arrived at the plane and climbed aboard. We took off from the tundra at 3:15 P.M. and arrived over Wainwright at 4:00 P.M. and landed on the beach two or three miles South of the village. Except for the last five minutes before reaching Wainwright the trip was smooth, but the landscape had changed entirely since I had seen it in April.



All the ice and snow had turned to water, and in every direction there were lakes, puddles, or ocean. By dog team in the Winter the trip takes two long days; by launch in the Summer twelve hours is a fast trip, but by plane we made the trip from Barrow in less time than it took me to get to the village from the place where we landed. Two launches came from the village to meet us and to bring other passengers for the plane. Alva Nashalook, the Native worker who is in charge of the work there during Roy's absence, told me that they had just started to the Church for a double funeral when the plane radioed that I was coming. Consequently they had waited to hold the funeral after I got there. I took my things to the Manse, and Alva and I made plans for the meetings which were to be held. I conducted the funeral Service at 7:00 o'clock that evening and announced the meetings which were to be held Sat-

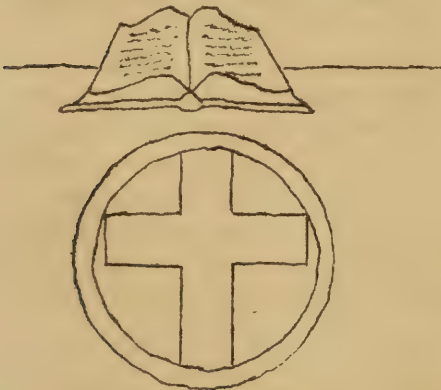
urday and Sunday. The "coffins" were placed on a sled and pulled through the mud to the cemetery, and buried in a large pit which had been dug during a flu epidemic. If I remember correctly there were already nineteen bodies buried there, and these two brought the total to twenty-one. After the funeral I looked over the Mission property with the deacons and discussed with them the needed repairs. I then began cleaning in my new living quarters. After cleaning the room I was to cook in (I suspect that heating canned meat, and making coffee or tea is not accurately called cooking, but you get the idea), and scrubbing the room I was to sleep in, I went through the motions of making my bed. The most likely looking place to sleep was a full sized bed with boards for springs. I carefully spread my comforter for a mattress and used the second one for a cover. The sheet I had brought was left in my bag carefully folded, for since leaving Barrow the weather had grown cold and I went shivering from one part of the house to the other. I had decided too that my pajamas should keep the sheet company in my bag. The big question now was, "should I sleep in my parka too?" I let the question simmer in my mind and made vain attempts to get some heat from the kitchen range. As long as I could find enough sticks and scraps to burn the stove did reasonably well, but as soon as I tried to burn coal the fire was gone. The grates were burned out of the stove, and the small pieces of coal would fall through to the ash pan, and to add to the difficulty there seemed to be no draft. I took the stove pipe down to clean out the chimney in the hopes that I might be able to work some miracle, but Aladdin's lamp wasn't working that day - neither was the stove. (Over in one corner of the kitchen was a beautiful oil burning range identical to the one we installed at Barrow. It was sent up by the Mission Board in 1945 while Roy was serving at Barrow. If I had been suffering badly from the cold I might have connected the stove with a fuel barrel and used it. However it is coated with a protecting coat of grease and oil and if this coating were removed it is quite likely that the stove would rust while the house is not in use. And besides that, what would I have had to write about if I had been using such a fine stove?)

Eventually I concluded that the hygiene books are correct in stating that it is more healthful to sleep in an unheated room (especially in the middle of July). I pulled off my parka - see, I did get the question answered didn't I? - and my boots and bounced into bed. The mattress wasn't so springy that I bounced out, but why do they make comforters with all those knots in them? I covered my feet carefully, then I covered my shoulders, then I covered my feet, and then I got smart. That comforter was just not made to stretch. I hit upon the idea of utilizing my parka to wrap my feet in. It worked! I settled down and slept "like a baby" - one that has eaten too many green apples. Notwithstanding all the remarks, there is a very marked advantage to sleeping in such a bed. There is practically no temptation to stay in bed late in the morning. I'm not certain that it makes you healthy or wealthy, but it surely gives wisdom a "shot in the arm".

The next morning, Saturday, I began cleaning the house a little more thoroughly, and enlisted the aid of two Eskimo women. There was an endless number of things to do and to find in preparation for the Services. I had progressed only a little way on the list when 3:00 o'clock came. We held a Service at the Church in preparation for the baptism of children. Only those having children to be baptized were instructed to come, but when I arrived at the Church I found that nearly the entire Congregation was present. I spoke to them from the Scripture concerning baptism, its meaning and significance, and then had an after meeting with the parents to get the necessary data for the Baptismal Certificates. At the close of this meeting I met with the Session and the Communicant Class. We examined the members of the Class on points of doctrine and belief, and instructed them where they seemed not to clearly understand the teachings of the Bible concerning salvation and the Christian

life. These young people had been receiving instruction regularly through the Winter and Spring in preparation for membership. After each one had expressed himself regarding his desire to be a Christian and a member of the Church, the Session received them into membership. I was impressed with the answer of one of the young men relative to his desire for Church membership. He said that he wanted to enter the Church because he understood that if our names are written on the Book here they will be written on the Book in heaven. I explained to him that it is not simply the act of becoming a member of the visible Church that assures us that our names are written in the Book of Life, but that it is our faith in Christ, and that the proof of that faith is "works" which manifest the Christian virtues.

By the time we had adjourned that meeting there was scarcely an hour to get lunch and get back to the Church for the Preparation Service. Following that Service the Session met to consider the reinstatement of one of the members. By the time the day's meetings ended it was 11:30, and I had yet to go after water, chop wood for Sunday, and wash the trays and glasses for Communion. Sunday morning came all too soon, but I was on hand for the morning Service at 10:00 o'clock. We held a special Service of recognition for Alva Nashalook (the lay leader at Wainwright during Roy's absence). I tried to charge both Alva and the Congregation to fulfil their respective obligations, and had the Congregation receive Alva as their lay leader. Following the Morning Service I hurriedly ate a lunch and made further preparations and arrangements for the Communion in the evening. In the afternoon three meetings were held, each about an hour and a half in duration. I had to miss the third one, Junior Christian Endeavor, so that I could meet with the Elders for final instructions for the Communion.



At the evening Service we formally received eleven young people into the Church by profession of faith, baptized nine babies, and the people received Communion for the first time in more than a year and a half. The babies baptized brought to a total of 48 the number of baptisms since we came. It was gratifying to be able to hold these services and to know that the people deemed it a privilege to sit again at the Lord's Table. Many who had been out of the village were told by messengers that I had come, and they came back to the village for the Services, but many others could not be reached and are still waiting for the privilege to worship God through the Sacraments. These ministries I

have done in His Name for you who serve Him in other places. May God enrich your lives for having shared Him with these His children.

Following the Evening Service the Elders came over to the Manse to visit with me, and before they left I served them tea and graham crackers. The tea was served leaves and all because I had no tea strainer or tea balls. Nevertheless they seemed to enjoy the tea. The men liked the paper cups too, and two of them took theirs home for their children to play with. The men left shortly before midnight, and another busy day was history.

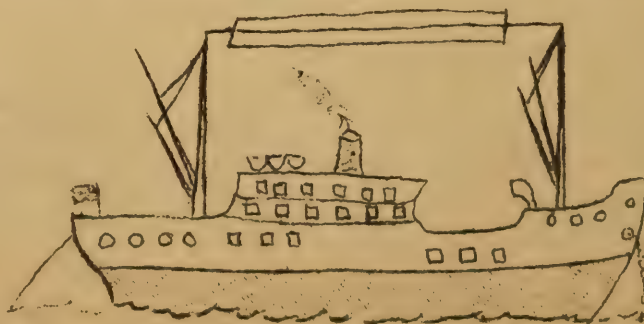
Monday, and the days following, I spent visiting among the people, hunting parts of a light plant which is to be installed for the Manse and Church, planning needed repairs, and wishing that favorable weather would prevail long enough that a plane could get in and out of Wainwright to get me. I had planned to stay just over Sunday. As Wiens might not have other passengers from Wainwright to Barrow I made

arrangements to return by launch if necessary, so that I might save the expense of having to charter a plane for the return trip. Tuesday evening the plane came from Barrow enroute to Ft. Lay, Ft. Hope, and Kotzebue down the Coast. A strong South wind came up and delayed their take off for several hours, but they finally got into the air about midnight. The plane was to return the next day and take me back to Barrow.

Wednesday was very cold with a strong Southwest wind churning the ocean and bringing in the ice. -Still no plane.- I learned later that the plane was loaded on the return trip and so did not stop at Wainwright. That morning three white men and several Natives rode the waves into the village. They had started from Barrow hunting Walrus, and had been caught in the storm at sea. The three men were especially glad to have land under their feet again, and upon arriving began to send S.O.S. messages for Wiens to send a plane after them. They descended upon the School teachers, who had one guest already and had had several others just before my arrival. The Principal and his family had come to Wainwright by air during the Summer and had scarcely any food supplies. This fact, and the fact that so many tourists and people on official business make the School their headquarters, had made me determined to stay at the Manse if possible. Cold and fog combined to make waiting for the plane a very unpleasant ordeal, but on Saturday afternoon it arrived. We went down to the beach in a skin boat using a sail. It must have been a picturesque sight from the shore- that's where I would have liked to be to see it-. The way they guided that thing past the icebergs was quite a sight to see, but I was unable to generate much enthusiasm for anything but getting back to the beach. The ocean current was rather swift, so as we cut back to the shore through the ice we were bumped a couple of times, but some one would push the boat off the ice with a long pole, and on we would go. We arrived safely on the beach where the plane had landed - I believe I was the only one who had ever had the slightest doubt that we would - where after a short time we boarded the plane and were off for home. The flight back was rough all the way, but in less than an hour we had landed on the tundra at Barrow. More and more I am beginning to realize that it never does any good to get in a hurry about anything here. It seems that one must have the philosophy that "tomorrow is as good a day to do a thing as today, and probably tomorrow will be better. If it can't be done tomorrow, it may as well not be done at all."

Upon arriving at the Manse in Barrow, David and Byrdine made me feel that I am the indispensable man. It seems that nearly everything had gone wrong. You remember the heat wave; during those terrible days I had removed two thicknesses of window from our bedrooms so that we could get some fresh air (guess who requested it). With a Southwest wind and the temperature below freezing, there had been ample fresh air while I was gone. To lend to the discomfort the fuel supply had run out and the fires had gone out. The fuel barrel had been replenished, but the extra windows were still safely inside the warehouse when I returned (they're on the windows now). I have heard it said that "misery loves company", accordingly we each tried to outdo the other as we related the terrible hardships we had endured -"and they lived happily ever after."

Ship Ahoy!



THE SHIPS ARE IN! August 9th will be remembered for a long time at our house, at least until the ships come again next year. We had heard that the ships were due, and that they had reached Wainwright, but it was really a thrill to hear them whistling as they inched their way along the coast. On the day of their arrival we had only the proof of our ears to know that they were there. The ocean was completely blanketed with fog, and try as we might, there was no way to push back the cover. We awoke the next morning and went to look out the window, and there, protruding above the fog we could see the ghosts of two ships. They were really ships, for that evening some of our supplies began to come ashore. What excitement! And what fun for everybody! The goods were sorted out as they were landed on the beach from the lighters, then they were taken to the various warehouses by tractor and sled. There was some excitement when a large box of our goods from Sears Roebuck broke open and scattered rick rack over the beach. In a matter of minutes the village was aware that there was rick rack, at least at our house. For a long time we had been dreaming of having bacon and eggs for breakfast the next morning after our goods came. It was a beautiful dream too; we're still dreaming it. You don't have any bacon either, do you? We did get some ham which would be an excellent substitute for bacon if we could only find some eggs to keep it company. We received the Bill of Lading for the eggs we ordered, but to date we have found no trace of the eggs. We had not received any bills or statements indicating what things were being shipped, so it was like opening Christmas packages when we started sorting things.

Rev. Howell, the man who buys the goods for our Alaska stations, has no doubt had a maddening time to secure as many of the things as were available, but if he could be on the receiving end of the line some time he would have a better idea of how his efforts are appreciated. When we are tempted to complain too loudly about the things he couldn't get, we'll try to remember some of those things such as the two platform rockers with ottomans, the new typewriter for the study, the mattress, kodak supplies, shotguns, clothing, groceries, and not the least of all a SLEEPING BAG.

Along with the other freight came several Mission boxes which will be used for the Christmas celebration this year. Most of the goods which we received came through in good condition, and we were delighted to receive many of the items of groceries ordered at the last minute for Andrew Akootchook (our Native worker at Barter Island). When we heard that the Mission goods were to come on the Navy ships in August I had little hope that Andrew's goods would be aboard because we had sent the order so late. However, Andrew's goods and those for Roy's family arrived and were stored in the Mission warehouse along with ours, and we are grateful for the supplies for all. The plumbing which we have so badly needed did not materialize, and the Navy ships left without discharging any plumbing for us. "Hope springs eternal", so we began hoping that all the things which we thought we needed and didn't get would be on the Native Service Ship, the North Star.

The village was humming on August 14, not only with airplanes, but with people welcoming the Secretary of the Interior. Secretary Julius Krug with a party of nearly twenty-five arrived at the Navy air strip shortly after ten o'clock in the morning. Governor Gruening of Alaska was among the members of the party. A luncheon given for the party featured such delicacies as pickled muktuk (skin of whale), walrus meat, walrus heart, dried oogrook (bearded seal), reindeer heart and dressing, argyk caribou (caribou roasted over an open fire), roast niklik (goose), sour dough biscuits, and akootuk (Eskimo ice cream). Added to the Eskimo foods were little knick-knacks of common variety in the States. We tasted most of the foods, but of many it can be truly said that a taste was too much. We are hoping that out of this visit of the Secretary will come some well developed plan of housing and heating which will cut down the terribly high toll taken each year by T.B. Oh, Yes! When we get

back and you shake hands with us you can say, "I shook the hand of the man who shook the hand of Secretary Krug."

You just won't believe what a busy little place this has been. The annual mailboat arrived August 18th bringing with it most everything you can imagine in the way of mail. From air mail to Parcel Post, they had it. The Mission was deluged with mail of all kinds, for which we were very happy, but out from under which we have not entirely emerged. On Monday we had been pondering the problem of moving all the Mission boxes from the Post Office to the Mission warehouse across the lagoon from the Post Office, when Sargent Van Dewater of the A.C.S. volunteered to do truck duty with his new weasel. The task was begun, and soon the weasel was piled high with packages of all shapes and sizes. These were soon unloaded and we returned for another load. With expert packing we managed to get all the boxes in two loads and they were soon in a dry place with little damage done. One of the boxes we got in the morning was so wet that the box was falling apart, and all the clothes had to be hung on the lines in the kitchen to dry. I remarked to Byrdine that they must throw all the "stuff" in the ocean, and then if it floats, they bring it. We were especially anxious to open the boxes from the Butler and Fatterson Churches because it seemed like getting something from home. We have not had time to classify all the contents of the boxes and get the Christmas packages made up, but that will be one of the major duties to begin next.

Along with the excitement of such events as the arrival of the ships, the Secretary's visit, and the arrival of the mailboat, there have been the many "un"-glamorous tasks which combine to make living here something of a problem. It has been impossible to secure dependable help with chores or house work this Summer, and though we have had help at intervals we have not known from one day to the next whether help would "show up". One of the rather regular chores during the Summer has been to dip water out of the "cool room" under the kitchen. The fact that the ground thawed down farther than usual this year made this a more urgent task than usual. One day during August we had to remove about two hundred gallons of water from the room, and every few days the task had to be repeated. While we were thus engaged every few days in "laddling" water out of the house, we had to haul water from the lake for everything but drinking. Had we not seen all the filth and debris of the village we might have been sorely tempted to use this drain water instead of hauling water under such difficult circumstances.

On August 27 I solemnly vowed that I would join the ranks of "Bathless Scroggins" of comic strip fame. Most of the Summer there had been no tractor available for rent, and the "Roaring Boring Alice" which crawled to fame during Rev. Klerekoper's work here is badly incapacitated and the Mission Board has been unable to replace her. (Roaring Boring Alice is, or was, a model A Ford with skids on the front and tracks on the back.) However, on August 27 I was able to rent the School tractor. I hired two men to help, we loaded oil drums on the Mission sled and I became a "cat skinner". The man in charge of the tractor told me that I should not be discouraged if I got stuck. He said that he had stuck the caterpillar a few days before, and after twelve hours he was able to get it out with the aid of another caterpillar. Encouraging, wasn't he! But we had to have water and the only other way to get it was to wade through the tundra and carry water from the lake in buckets or pans. If you wash dishes, or clothes, or yourself, the latter method of securing water is a rather discouraging one. So a "cat skinner" was I. We were off to a crawling start! There may be some mathematical way to calculate the depth of slush and mud under the tundra without going through it, but those whom I consulted could advise me of none. It seems that the best procedure is to keep out of the beaten track and tear up as much of the fresh tundra as possible. Using adaptations of this method we were able

to reach the lake. I had been told that the water level of the lake was very low along the shores, but I was surprised to find that it had lowered a foot or more since the last time I had hauled water. We pulled in next to the shore in a place where it appeared that we might be able to dip water and still be able to get the tractor and sled out after we had our load. Then came a period of serious debate in our minds. We could hardly decide whether it would be quicker and easier to fill our oil drums by catching the rain which was beating in our faces from the North, or to dip up the water from the deepest place along the shore (approximately 8" deep as far out as we could reach). We finally decided in favor of the lake and began the tedious task. By the time we had filled the barrels the rain was over, and the sun was shining through. We were successful in crawling away from the lake with our load. Everything went well until we neared the village where we found it impossible to find a completely new trail. There we kept crawling, but made progress downward instead of forward. Braking first one track, then the other, pulling, backing, and edging sidewise, we managed to free our equipment from the first mire. However, the next time we were not so fortunate. All maneuvering of the tractor failed to extricate the sled which was now mired to the platform. Pluto, with all his might, was pulling us downward. We wrestled and rebelled, but still he held us fast. I walked into the village with one of the men to borrow a log chain. The chain was an anchor chain of the type commonly used here to tie dogs to. (Of course the dogs are not so powerful that they can break everything but an anchor chain, but the chains are old ship anchor chains, and are so heavy that the dogs cannot drag them.) The chain was a full load for two of us, and it seemed to me that the thing was still securely anchored to something. Notwithstanding, we made progress toward the tractor until we came to a roadway where the tractors had passed a few times. With the weight of the anchor chain added to my 200# +, I sank to the top of my knee boots (fact, not fiction). We must have "cut a pretty picture", both of us mired in the mud and the anchor chain pulling each of us down whenever the other tried to move. The Eskimo, being lighter and more agile than I (I think the chain was in his favor too) made solid footing first. I did not get through the mud without first falling over into it. Having reached the tractor, we were able to get it on a more nearly solid footing and thereby gain traction enough to pull the sled with the chain. We got past what we judged to be the worst places and hitched to the sled again. I tried to get the men who were helping me to put the chain on the sled, but neither of them understood English well enough to understand what I was saying. Consequently they left the chain on the ground and we left it behind. We had picked our trail carefully, and had progressed fully one hundred yards before we came to a definite standstill. Trying to get the caterpillar out of the mud was like trying to drive it through a huge bottomless bowl of mush.

Have you guessed it? Yes, off we trekked to get the chain. This time three of us carried it, yet we could tell that it was an anchor chain. After a good mud bath we emerged triumphant, and "comprehendo or non comprehendo" we did not leave the chain behind again. We towed the sled the remainder of the way at the end of the long chain. With the tractor a long distance from the sled we managed to have traction enough in the right places at the right time. When we arrived at the Mission property we unloaded the drums and rolled them into the yard so that the tractor would not tear up the tundra around the Mission buildings. After five hours we had completed our mission. Then it was that I took the vow to join the "ranks" of Bathless Scroggins. Several times I have broken my vow, but you may be sure that any one around here who runs the water from the faucet just to hear it run, had better start running to get out of my way.

August 23 holds a place of importance, because it was on that evening that I saw my first whale. I must confess that I came back from the experience firmly resolved

to carefully inspect the next piece of muktuk I eat. Since that date another whale of the same species has been caught. These were not of the species usually caught by the Eskimos here, but resemble the sperm whale. The whale commonly caught here is the bowhead. The skin on these whales caught this Fall was covered with some kind of bugs or worms which live by eating into the skin, or muktuk, and clinging there. They are round, about the size of a half dollar, and make the muktuk look much more appetizing. Enough of that - it's about my meal time, and I'd like to be able to eat-.

The first whale mentioned was towed in to the beach by launches, and after much maneuvering to get a cable around its flippers and tail, a large diesel caterpillar was hooked on to pull it up on the beach. The tractor began to move and the tail of the whale began to emerge from the water. There was a dull snap! The whale stopped, but the tractor kept moving. The steel cable had snapped in two. The cable was mended and the tugging began anew. This time the whale was moved up the beach several feet before it refused to climb a large mound of sand. Again the cable snapped! Words of Eskimo were exchanged, the cable was loosened, and the tractor was driven around behind the whale. Then with the bulldozer the whale was nudged, and rolled up the hill until it lay on the tundra. There, a closer inspection began by the light of flashlights. Children and grown-ups alike seemed to be most fascinated by the parasites on the skin - but I promised to say no more, lunch is ready anyway-.

Lunch is over and I don't propose to spoil it by continuing the above subject. I have begun to have hopes that I can close this epistle on this page. I must stop writing and do something else or I'll have nothing to write about the next time - and don't say that I am already competing with Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing".

Among other things in my notes, is the record that the ship North Star arrived on September 8 and departed September 10 taking with it all hope of our getting the supplies which we had hoped might be on her. That we will survive the disappointment is certain, but how we will manage to do without the plumbing has not been made clear. I guess that plumbing is pretty much of a nuisance anyway, and if you don't have any water pipes you don't have to thaw them out. Any time we begin to feel that our hardships are great all we need to do is to visit the average Eskimo home and come home very thankful for those conveniences we do have.

Two things I want to mention in closing. The first, our monthly offering reached a peak of \$65 in September. We trust that the giving of these people will continue to rise until they will be able to largely support the work here. The second is a visit and ministry I have performed in your stead. On the last day in August I was working around the Mission when a messenger came asking me to call on a sick man. I dropped my work and went to the home to find a man on his death bed. He was suffering from T.B. and from the effects of a spear head imbedded in his abdomen. The spear head had been imbedded there for several long years and the T.B. had so completely laid hold of him that he could hardly breathe. Yet, with the pain in his abdomen, and the labor of breathing, it was the agony of his soul about which he was concerned. Before his fatal sickness he had fallen to drinking and swearing and seemed to be little concerned that he was suspended from Church membership. But now all thoughts were turned to salvation. I read, and quoted, and read Scripture to him and each of us prayed, and I left him at peace with God. Six days later his body was buried and the spear head with it, but the Sword of the Spirit had done its work well, and he rests because you were there in Christ's name. Let us pray mightily that you and we may always "be there" to do His will.

Sincerely,

Samuel Lee

P.S. We are very grateful to Mrs. Lewis Conrad for printing and mailing our first letter. Anyone desiring a copy of that letter may secure one by sending a self addressed, stamped, business envelope to her at 535 N. Algona, Dubuque, Iowa.

Board of National Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the
United States of America

156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

REV. SAMUEL LEE, Pastor-Missionary

NOV 25 1946

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*Cost last year.
Write Fred Spalook.*

October 15, 1946

Rev. J. Earl Jackman, D.D.
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Jackman:

2. I have not been able before now to give you a report of the things which came on the Navy ships. I have been expecting to receive a copy of the list of goods shipped, but to date I have none. Most of the things which were on the Bills of Lading were delivered in good shape. None of our eggs were received, and Roy's fresh goods were marked Wainwright and so were put off down there. Five of the items put off there have been received here, but the others are still at Wainwright somewhere, and because of freezing weather it will be impossible to get them here any other way than plane. The water pipes and fittings did not arrive, I do not know whether they were shipped or not. I am hoping to be able to borrow some pipe here until next year.

*Probably they
up directed
Howell*
In going over one of the freight bills I discovered an over charge of about \$280 on one of the bills from Schwabachers. I put in a claim for the over charge along with the shorts and damaged items, but have heard nothing from it as yet. The bill for lightering has not been presented, but will be at a higher rate than last year because of the higher wages paid the men. However the total should be less than last years total because there was no coal shipped. All the fuel oil came. The chairs came through fine and are very nice. The typewriter is a fine portable, but I made four tries at cutting a stencil with it and had to give up. It might work on a higher grade stencil but I cannot do a satisfactory job with those we have here.

After considerable deliberation we are having the ice cut this week. I tried to get men myself to cut, but men were not available. I finally gave the Native Store the order. The cost will be terrible but I could see nothing else to do, and we must have a certain amount of water supply. The men who are cutting are getting a dollar an hour and the store is furnishing them the noon meal. At best I doubt that the cutting will come to less than \$200 and that makes no allowance for the hauling into the village. I hope to be able to do the hauling myself, but that will depend on whether the School tractor is available. I had seriously considered getting one man to help me and cutting the ice, but there is not

time to do that and finish other things which are urgent.

On the matter of the goods received by ship, as soon as I receive a list of the goods shipped I will check it and send you a complete report of goods received and the claims made for damages. It might be well to have Rev. Howell check the shipment from Schwabachers for the overcharge as Schwabachers have prepaid the freight.

Sincerely,

Samuel Lee

*Letter probably
must be
presented
by us as
Howell did
not send same (?)*